

SPAWN



120



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

IN THE BEGINNING...

BROTHER?

THINK HOW IT
MUST HAVE BEEN...
THE *FIRST TIME* A
LIFE WAS TAKEN.
THE FIRST TIME A
MAN HAD *DIED*,
HIS BODY COLD
AND PALE ON THE
WARM GRASS.

GET UP,
BROTHER.
STOP
PLAYING
GAMES.

BROTHER...
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?
BROTHER?

HOW
COULD
WE HAVE
KNOWN?


ABEL...?

CAIN!
WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?

I-I
DIDN'T
MEAN TO...
I DIDN'T
KNOW...

HOW COULD WE
HAVE KNOWN WHAT
FRAGILE BEINGS
OUR *MAKER* HAD
FASHIONED?

AND HOW COULD
WE HAVE GUESSED
AT THE CRUELTY OF
HIS *JUDGMENT*?



Now...

THIS PLACE FILLS ME WITH
DREAD. A SINGULAR TERROR
SHARED WITH NO ONE ELSE
IN CREATION.

FOR I ALONE KNOW THE
TRUTH OF THIS WORLD:
THIS PLACE WHICH IS
MORE THAN A PLACE...

THIS SEETHING
CRUCIBLE OF PAIN
AND TORMENT...


THE POISONED FRUIT
OF ONE MINDLESS
ACT OF VIOLENCE...

WAS
MADE
FOR ME.

I MADE A
VOW. SINCE
BEFORE THERE
WERE WORDS
TO COUNT
THE SLOW
MARCH OF
CENTURIES...

I SWORE, WITH
ALL THE HATRED
I HELD FOR MY
CREATOR, THAT I
WOULD NEVER
SERVE A DAY IN
THIS PLACE.

I HAVE
BEEN *TRUE* TO
MY WORD.

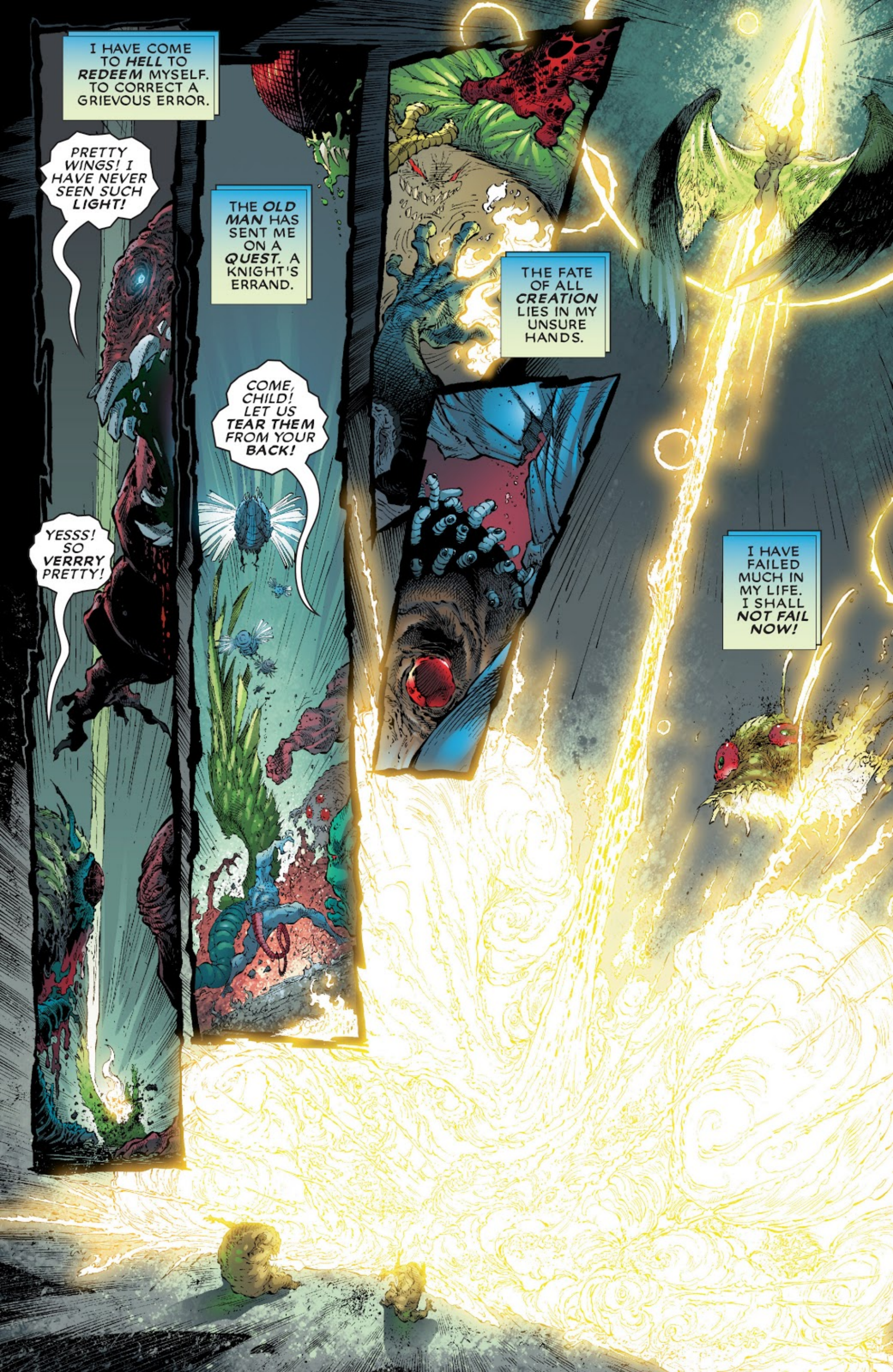


I AM AN **ANGEL**,
A CREATURE OF
PURE LIGHT AND
BEAUTY. THE
FIRE OF HEAVEN
FLOWS THROUGH
MY SUBLIME
FORM.

I AM A **CHILD**.
LYING COMA-
STILL IN A NEW
YORK HOSPITAL
ROOM, A BULLET
LODGED IN MY
BRAIN.

**BRIGHT
THING!**
COME PLAY
WITH US!

HOW CAN
BOTH THESE
THINGS BE
TRUE? YET,
SOMEHOW I
SENSE THAT
THEY ARE.



I HAVE COME
TO HELL TO
REDEEM MYSELF.
TO CORRECT A
GRIEVOUS ERROR.

PRETTY
WINGS! I
HAVE NEVER
SEEN SUCH
LIGHT!

THE OLD
MAN HAS
SENT ME
ON A
QUEST. A
KNIGHT'S
ERRAND.

THE FATE
OF ALL
CREATION
LIES IN MY
UNSURE
HANDS.

COME,
CHILD!
LET US
TEAR THEM
FROM YOUR
BACK!

YESSS!
SO
VERRRY
PRETTY!

I HAVE
FAILED
MUCH IN
MY LIFE.
I SHALL
NOT FAIL
NOW!




HELL IS AT WAR,
RENDING ITSELF
TO PIECES.

THE DEMON-
KIND FIGHT
WITH A MAD
DESPERATION.

SOME HOPING
AGAINST HOPE
FOR A VICTORY...

HAAAGH!



...OTHERS CONTENT
TO GORGE THEM-
SELVES ON SCRAPS.


IN THE MIDST
OF IT ALL IS
HELL'S ERRANT
KING. IT IS HARD
TO BELIEVE
THAT THIS *DARK*
AND *TERRIBLE*
GOD WAS
ONCE A MAN.

**BOW
DOWN!**

BOW
BEFORE ME
AND
TREMBLE!

NEVER!

I ONLY HOPE HE
IS STILL *HUMAN*
ENOUGH TO REMEMBER
WHY WE CAME HERE.



I SEE BEINGS
MADE ONLY TO
HATE SCALE
NEW HEIGHTS
OF CRUELTY.

I SEE AN ARMY
CLOAKED IN
RED, RELEASED
FROM THE SLOW,
GLACIAL DRIP
OF ETERNITY
TO FIGHT ONE
MORE GLORIOUS
BATTLE.

AND I SEE A
FROTHING MOB OF
DAMNED SOULS
SCREAM WITH A
RAGE I KNOW ALL
TOO WELL.

KILL
THEM! IN
THE NAME OF
FREEDOM!
KILL THEM
ALL!

BUT IN THE END, IT IS ONLY A PROLOGUE...

MERELY
A DUMB-
SHOW...

THE
DENOUEMENT
IS CLEAR.

[illegible]



FROM A MILE OFF, I CAN
TELL I HAVE FOUND IT.

AN INTUITION,
LIKE A TUNING
FORK CHIMING
IN THE CORE OF
MY HEART.

SOOO...
BEAUTIFUL...
SO
AWFUL...


I CAN'T GUESS
WHAT MANNER
OF BEAST
GUARDS MY
QUARRY.

I MUST
BE
BOLD.

EX-
EXCUSE
ME...YOU
HAVE
SOMETHING
I **NEED.**

TAKE
IT.

IT IS
TOO
PAINFUL
TO LOOK
AT.



A PALACE BEFITTING
A *DARK MONARCH* IS
SPAT FORTH FROM THE
BOWELS OF HELL.

LET THERE
BE NO
MISTAKE...

WE ALL STAND IN
AWE AND WATCH...
MUTE WITNESSES
TO A *FIERY*
CORONATION.

THE
KING OF HELL
IS
RETURNED!

IT HAS
GONE
WELL. BUT
THERE IS
STILL ONE
PIECE
MISSING.

I
HAVE IT!
I FOUND
IT!

LET
THOSE
WHO STOOD
BESIDE
ME...

AND
THOSE
WHO STOOD
AGAINST
ME...

COME FORWARD
AND FACE MY
JUDGMENT.

SPAWN!
PLEASE!
LISTEN TO
ME!

IS IT
TOO LATE?
IS HE
TOO FAR
GONE?





IF SO, WE
ARE ALL
DOOMED.


REMEMBER...
REMEMBER
WHY YOU DID
THIS...



YOU
WANTED TO
MAKE A **BETTER**
WORLD. YOU'RE
SO CLOSE. DON'T
LET IT ALL SLIP
THROUGH YOUR
FINGERS!



HERE!
TAKE IT! IT'S
EVERYTHING
YOU
WANTED!



PRESERVED
BY A RIVAL GOD...
HIDDEN AWAY ALL
THESE EONS.



IT IS A
SEED.



USE IT TO
GROW A NEW
AND BETTER
GARDEN.



SPAWN!
IT'S WORKING!
YOU *DID* IT. I
AM SO PROUD
OF YOU.

AND LOOK...
SHE IS WAITING
FOR YOU. JUST
AS YOU ALWAYS
KNEW SHE
WOULD...

AL--?

DEEP INSIDE,
THERE WAS ONE
SHINING MOTE
OF *HUMANITY*
THAT COULD NOT
BE DARKENED.

WANDA...?

A LOVE
THAT
COULD
BRIDGE
WORLDS.

IS
THAT
REALLY
YOU?

LOVE THAT
COULD MAKE
A MAN
RETURN FROM
THE GRAVE.

THAT WOULD
LET A KING
WILLINGLY
RENOUCE
HIS *THRONE*.

OH,
AL.

WANDA...

I HAVE BEEN CALLED MANY
NAMES IN MY TIME: CAIN.
MALCUS. MERLIN. FAUSTUS.
COGLIOSTRO.



FOR CENTURY STACKED
UPON CENTURY, LIFETIME
AFTER LIFETIME, I HAVE
SOUGHT SOMEONE TO
RELEASE ME FROM THE
TERRIBLE CURSE THAT
HAS HOUNDED ME.

YOU WERE
THE ONE.





IT IS A CRUEL JOKE, I SUPPOSE. *EDEN* WAS ALWAYS A *LIE*--A THING TO BE DREAMT OF, BUT NEVER ATTAINED.



BUT HOW COULD YOU HAVE KNOWN THAT? YOU WEREN'T THERE IN THE BEGINNING.




BUT THEN, THIS NEVER WAS YOUR STORY, WAS IT?

IT WAS *MINE*.



ALL I CAN DO FOR YOU, MY FRIEND, IS GRANT AS BEST I CAN THE *ONE THING* YOU ALWAYS WANTED.





I WON'T PRETEND THIS
WAS ANYTHING LESS
THAN A BETRAYAL. I MAKE
NO APOLOGIES AND LONG
AGO GAVE UP HOPING
FOR FORGIVENESS.

I MERELY
DID WHAT
I HAD TO.

BEFORE THERE
WERE WORDS
TO COUNT THE
SLOW MARCH
OF CENTURIES,
I SWORE THAT I
WOULD NEVER
SERVE A DAY
IN THIS PLACE.

I HAVE KEPT MY WORD.

*'Le roi est mort,
vive le roi.'*



"... And after flattering dust
with glimpses of
Eden and Immortality, resolves
It back to dust again – for what? "

Lord Byron
"Cain, A Mystery"
1821

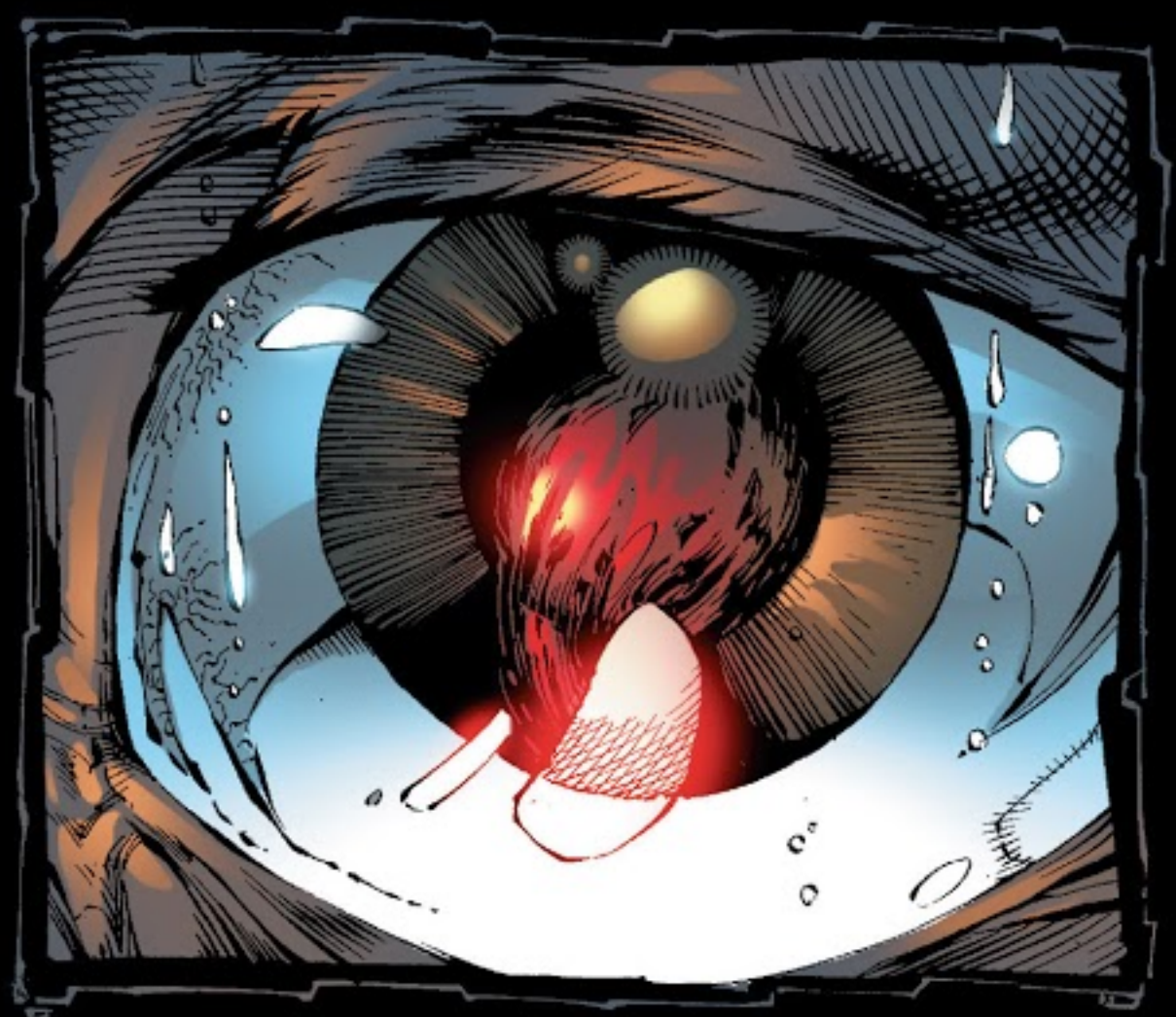
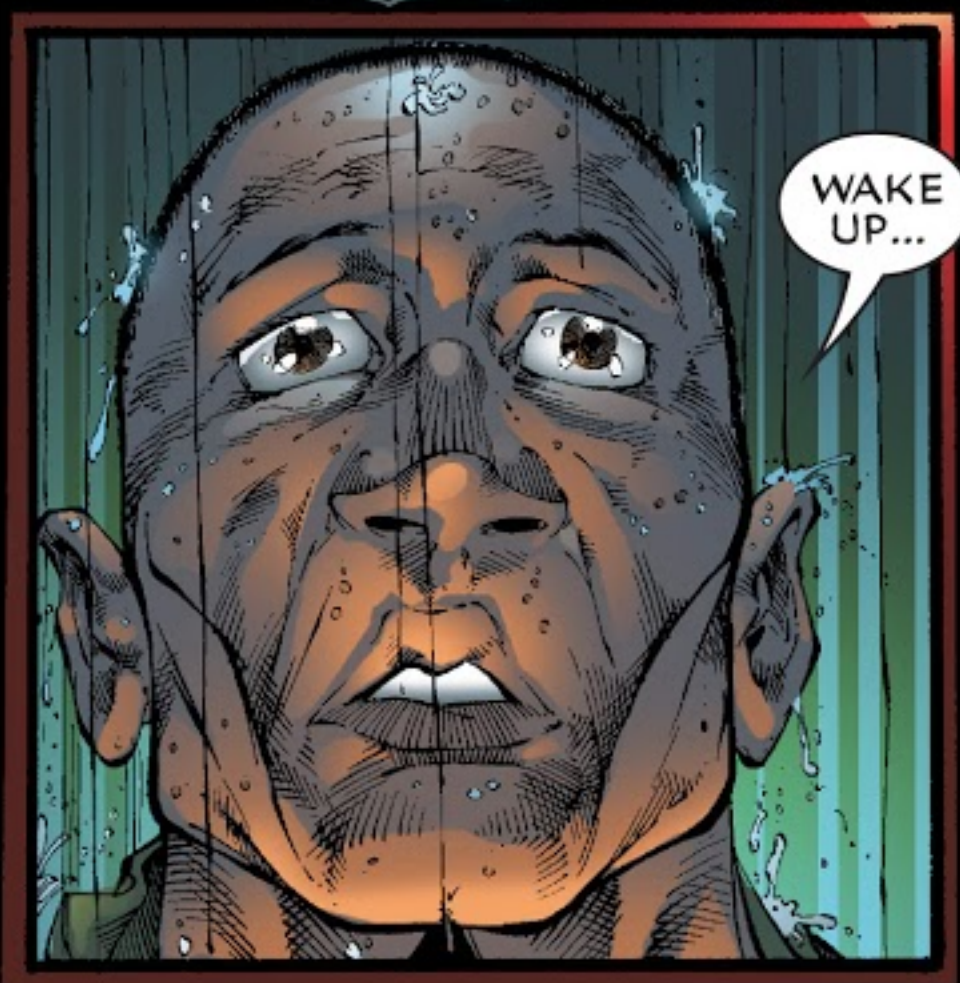
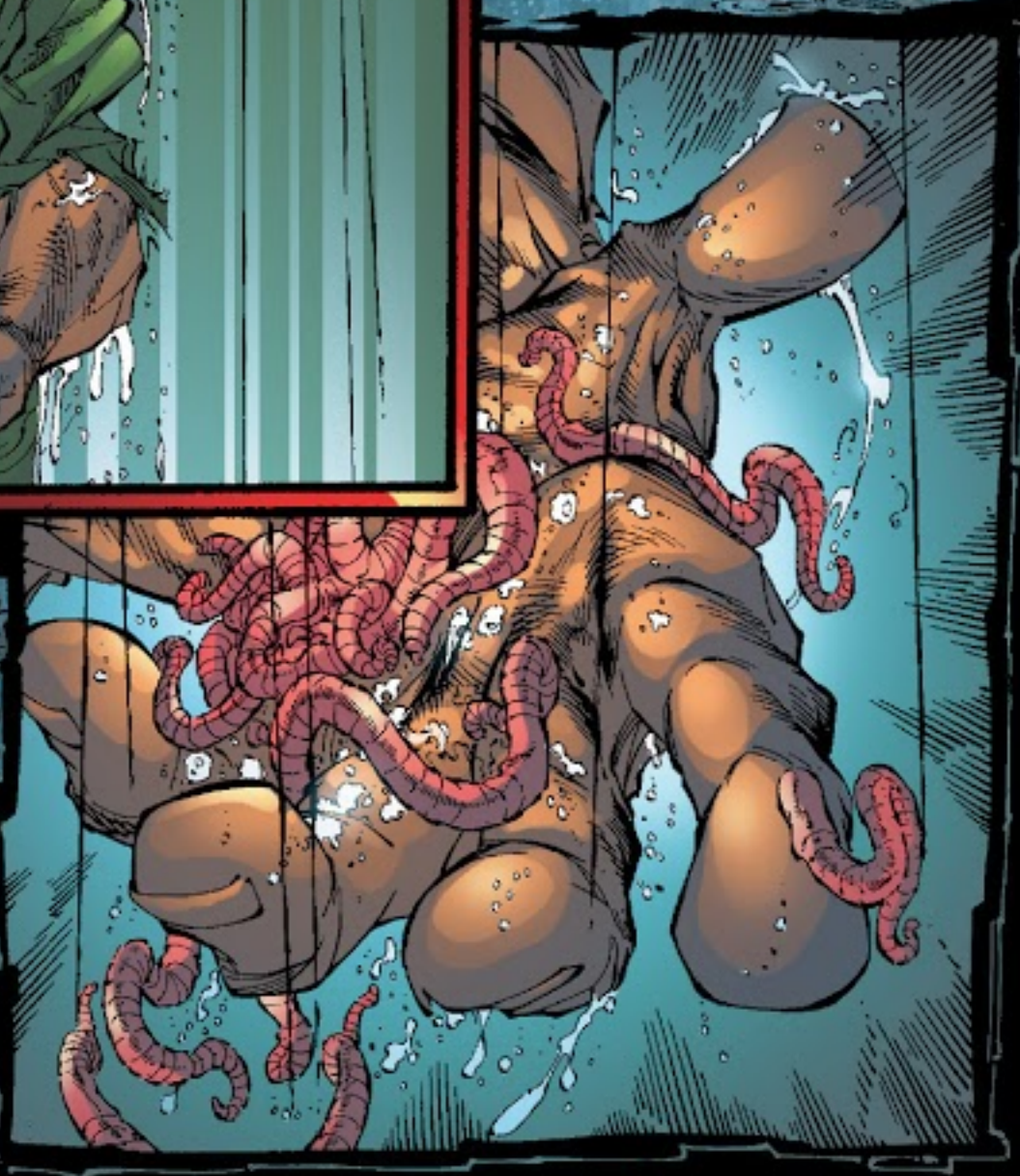
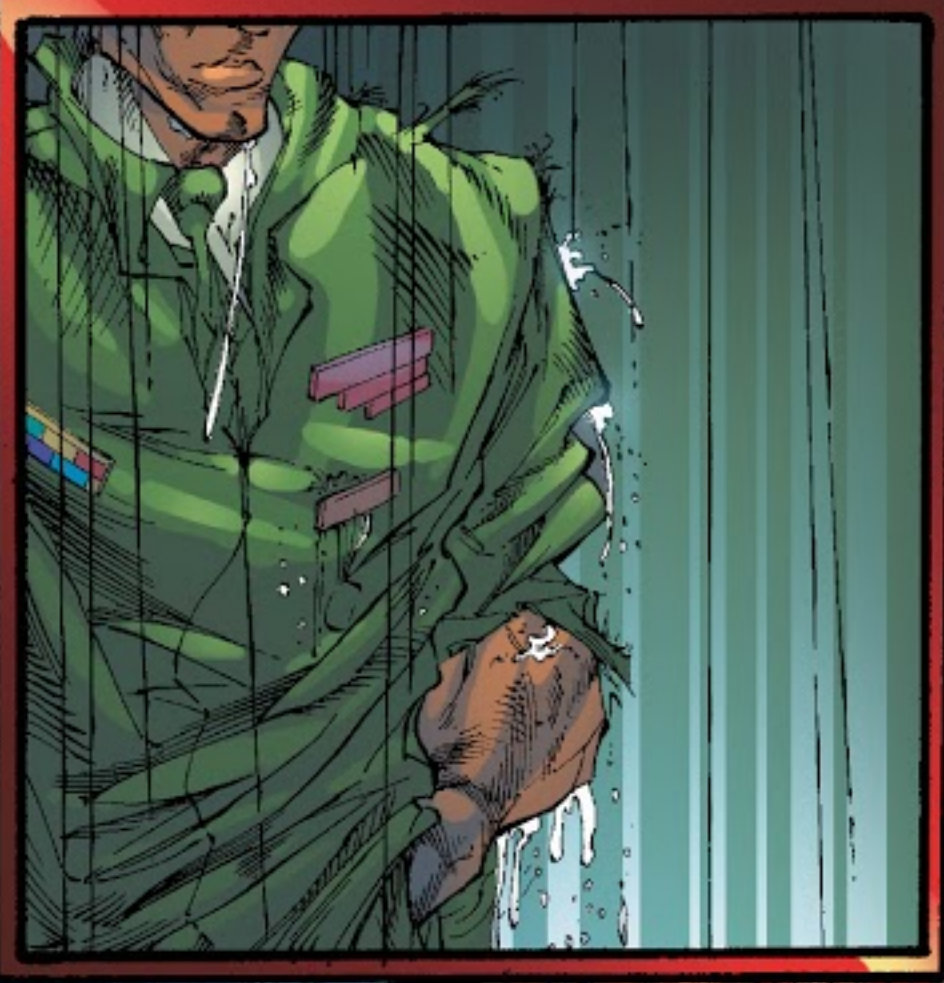


SPAWN



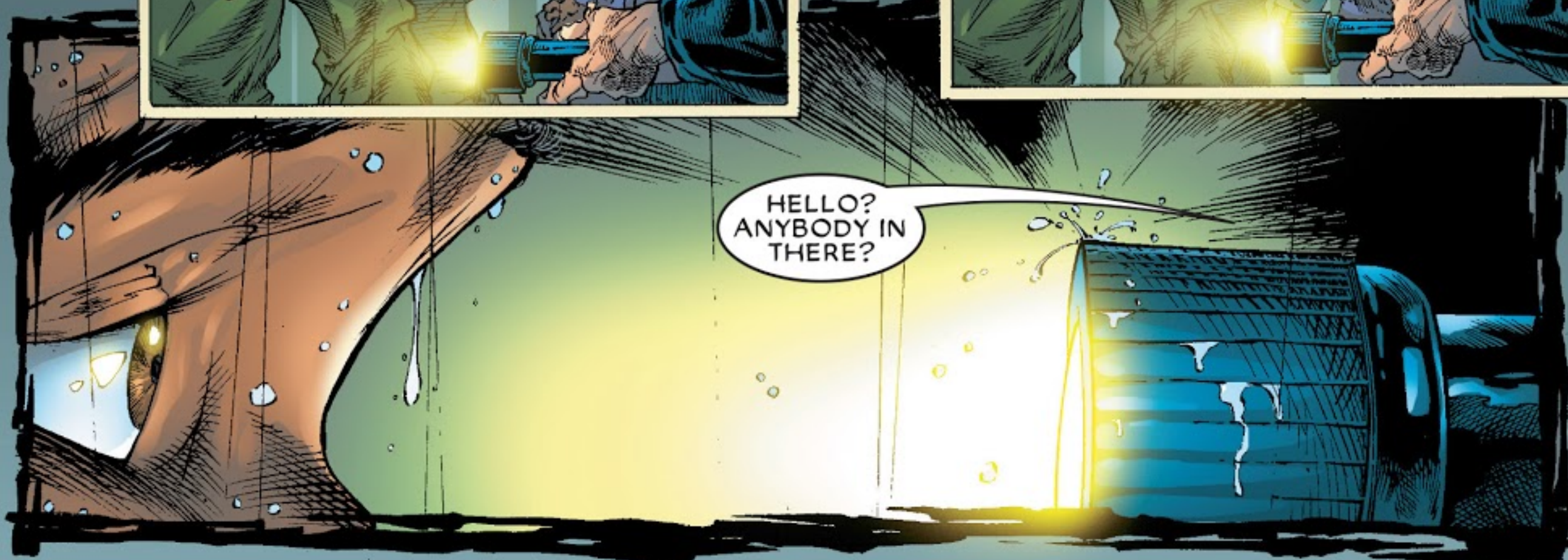
Capullo
02
DAN.

NEW
YORK.



IT'S JUST
A
DREAM...





DON'T
TOUCH
ME!

Unff!

AAAAH!

SON OF
A BITCH!

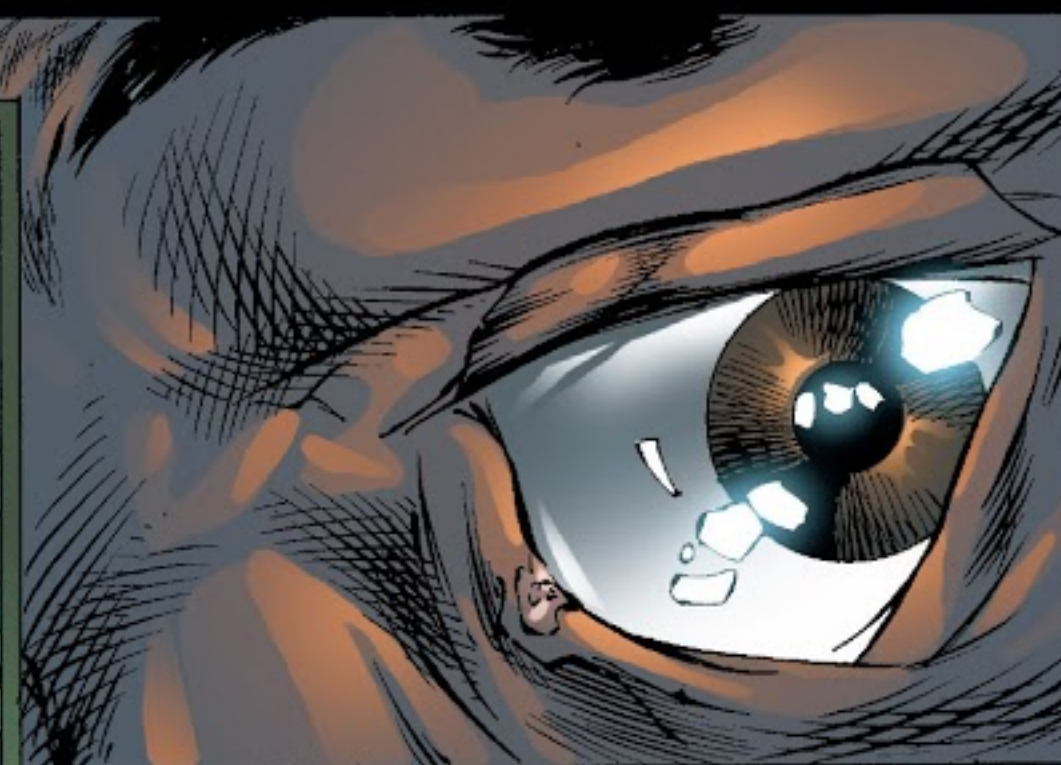
YOU
GOT
HIM?

NO.

WHOA!
TAKE IT
EASY!

FACE
DOWN! FACE
DOWN!

HELP!
HATE CRIME!
**HATE
CRIME!**



WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?





I'M NOT SURE.

SHY FELLOW, HUH?

KNOW WHAT THEY NAILED ME FOR? STOLEN CAR. TRANSPORTATION ACROSS STATE LINES. I'LL BE OUT IN TWO DAYS, TOPS.



THEY PULLED ME OVER AND I THOUGHT MY NUMBER WAS UP. BUT THESE COPS, THEY DON'T HAVE A CLUE. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



NO IDEA WHO THEY GOT LOCKED UP IN HERE.



YOU READ THE PAPERS? THE BALTIMORE RAZOR?



YOU'RE LOOKING AT HIM, PAL. THAT'S RIGHT. IT'S BEEN ALL OVER THE NEWS. HELL, I'M A CELEBRITY.



AND I'M GONNA SLIP RIGHT THROUGH THEIR FAT LITTLE FINGERS.

THIS IS
A WASTE OF
TIME.

IS IT?
NO KIDDING?
THANKS FOR
SHARING.

I'M JUST
SAYING.
FREAKIN'
STAKEOUTS.
WHAT A JOKE.
LIKE TWISTELLI'S
GONNA WHACK
A GUY RIGHT
IN FRONT OF
OUR CAR. I
HATE THIS
CRAP.

HEY,
YOU KNOW
WHAT MIGHT
MAKE IT
BETTER? IF YOU
COMPLAINED
SOME MORE.
TIME FLIES
WHEN YOU
BITCH AND
MOAN.

I FORGOT
YOU WERE SO
SENSITIVE.

I'M JUST
SAYING.

FINE.
I'LL JUST
SIT HERE
AND DO THE
CROSSWORD.
THAT
OKAY?

DON'T
STRAIN
YOUR-
SELF.



WELL...
LOOKIT
THIS. A
NINE-LETTER
WORD FOR
"PARTNER."

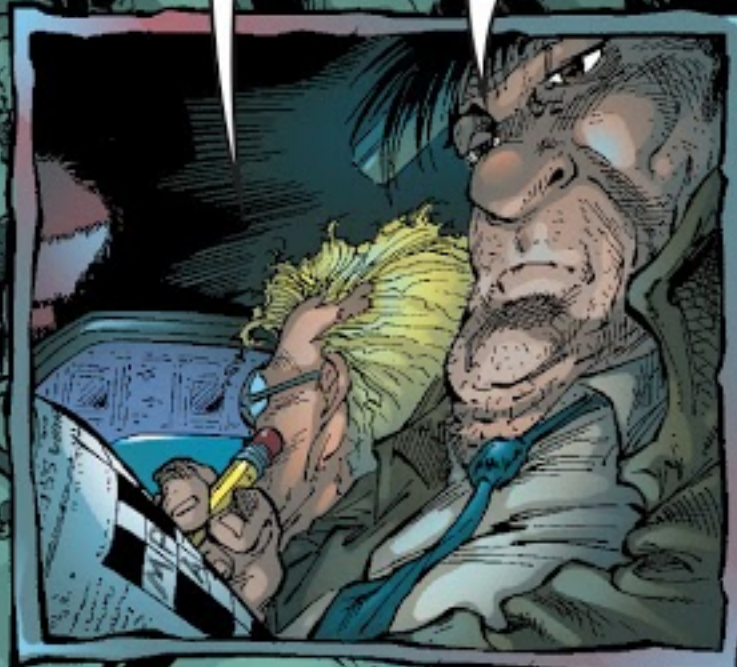
ASSOCIATE.

Shhh!
I CAN DO
THIS
MYSELF.



SO
DO
IT.

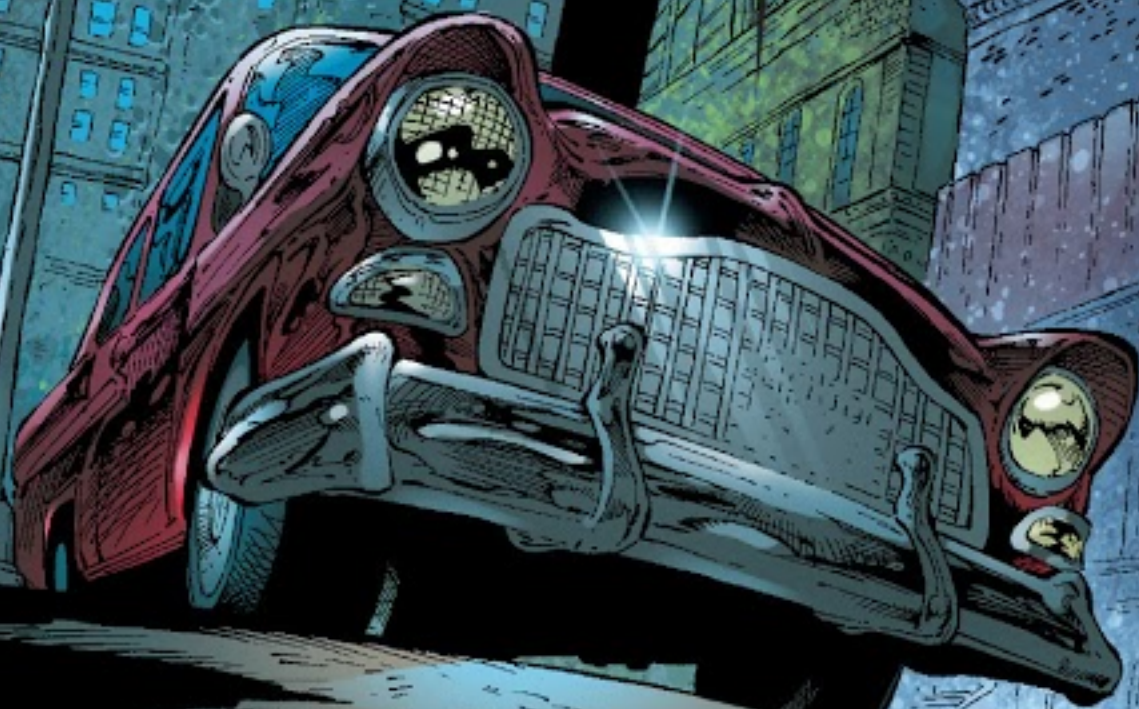
A...S...S...



...M.O.N.K.E.Y...
ASS MONKEY."
MY PARTNER IS AN
ASS MONKEY." HEY,
THIS IS FUN.



A RIOT.





-- WHEN THEY COME TO, THAT'S WHEN THE REAL FUN STARTS. TAKE YOUR RAZOR BLADES AND SLIDE THEM UNDER THE SKIN, BETWEEN THE FLESH AND MUSCLES.

NICE AND SLOW LIKE.

I USUALLY START WITH THE THIGHS. THEN THE SHINS. THEN THE SOFT, FLESHY PART JUST BELOW THE ARMPIT.



CHRIST, YOU SHOULD HEAR THEM SCREAM. BUT YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PUT 'EM, WHAT ORDER YOU DO IT. YOU DON'T WANT THEM TO BLEED TO DEATH TOO FAST.



IT'S AN ART. I'M NOT TOO MODEST TO SAY THAT. TAKE THIS LAST LITTLE CHICA. YOU KNOW HOW MANY BLADES I SHOVED IN HER BEFORE SHE CROAKED?

GUESS. EIGHTY-SIX. SWEAR TO GOD. EIGHTY-SIX.



SHOULDA HEARD THE CRUNCH SHE MADE WHEN I LAID MY WEIGHT ON TOP OF HER LIKE A BAG OF POTATO CHIPS. EIGHTY-SIX. GOTTA BE SOME KIND A RECORD.



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: "WHO'S THIS CLOWN, TALKING OUT HIS ASS LIKE THAT?"

YOU THINK I'M JUST TALKING TOUGH? TRYING TO INTIMIDATE YOU? MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. MAYBE I'M MESSING WITH YOU. KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT, MEAT.



DEEP DOWN YOU KNOW THE TRUTH. SWEET DREAMS, SHY BOY.



PROMISE
ME, AL.
PROMISE
ME THIS TIME
YOU WON'T
LEAVE
ME.

I PROMISE.

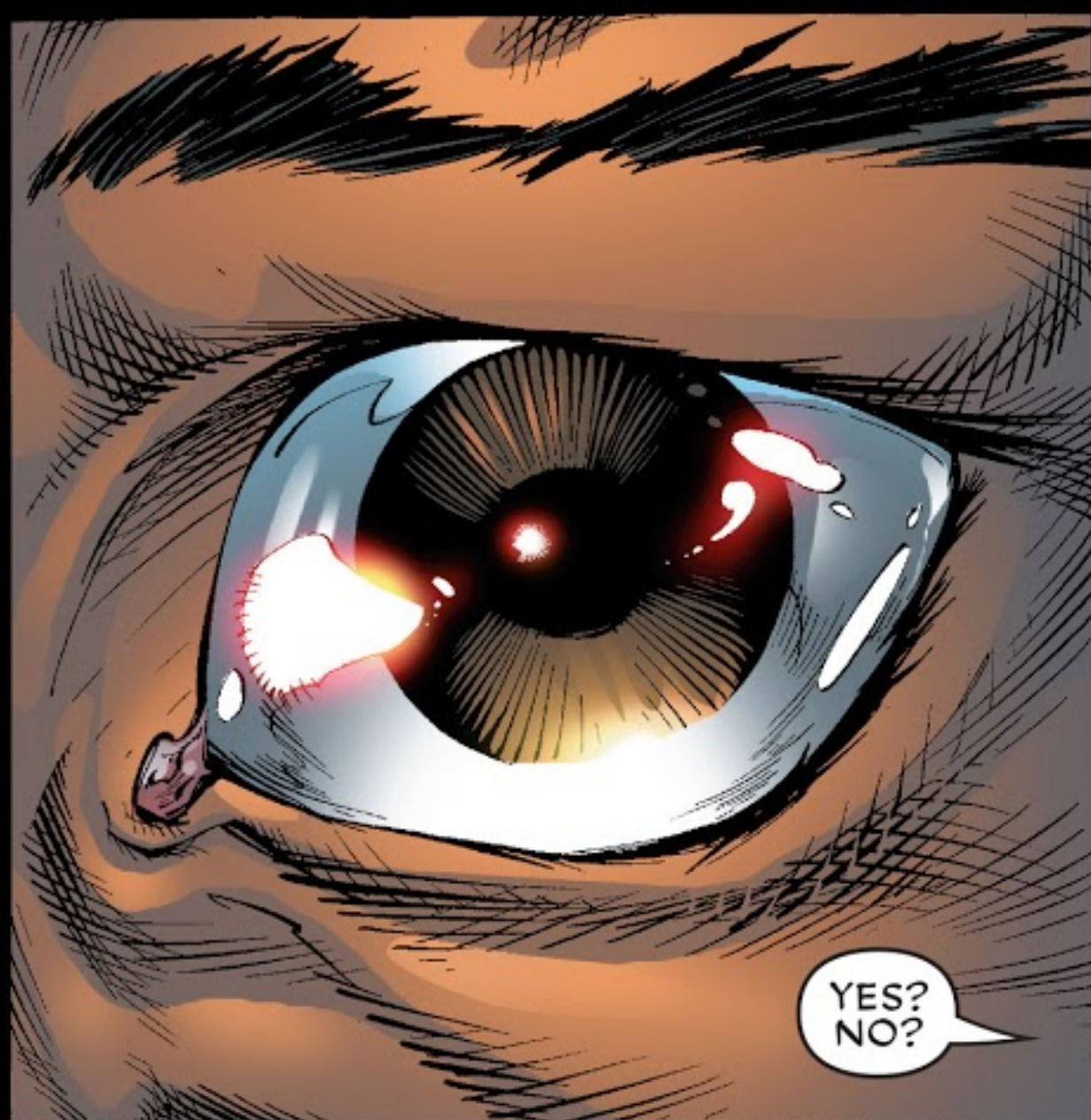


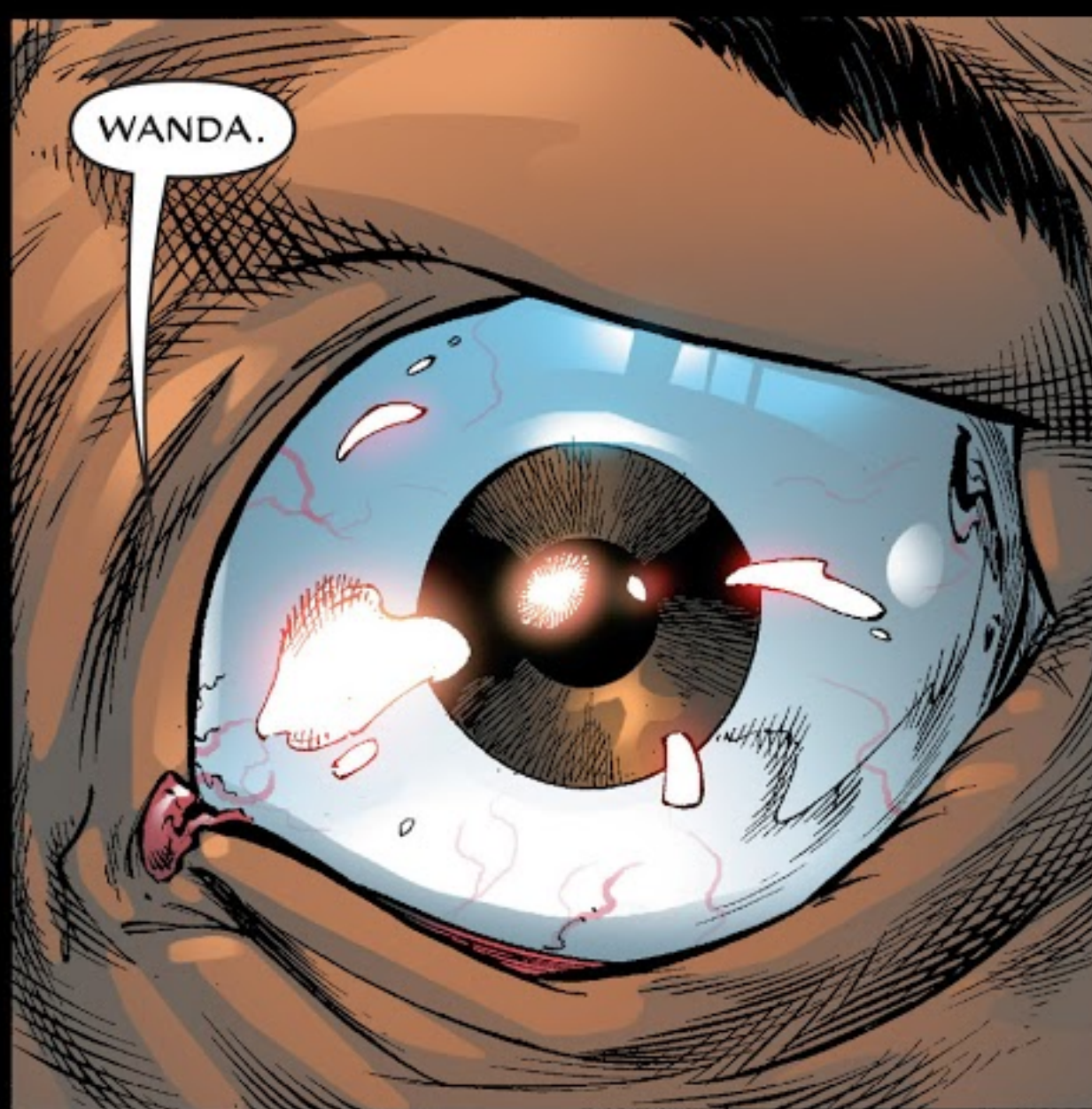
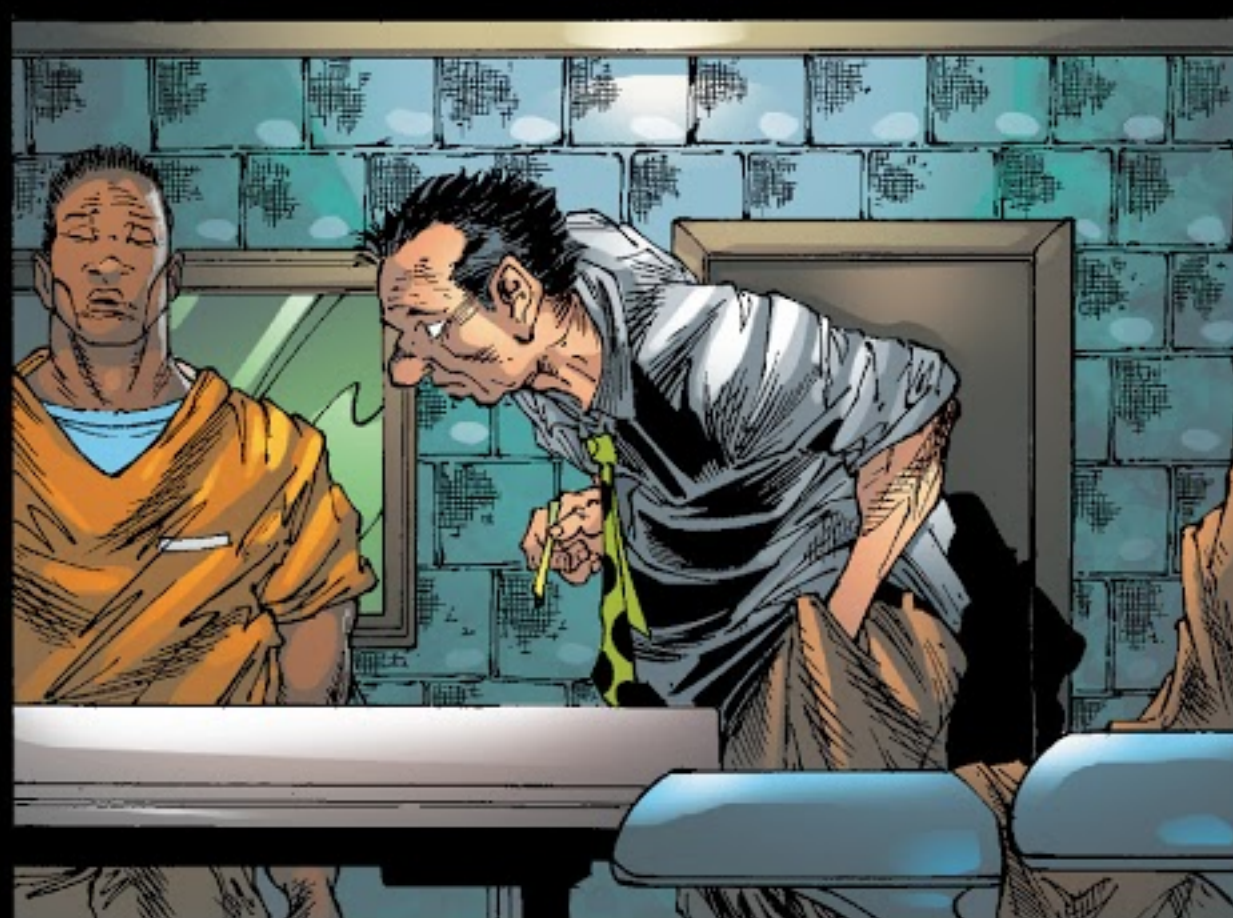
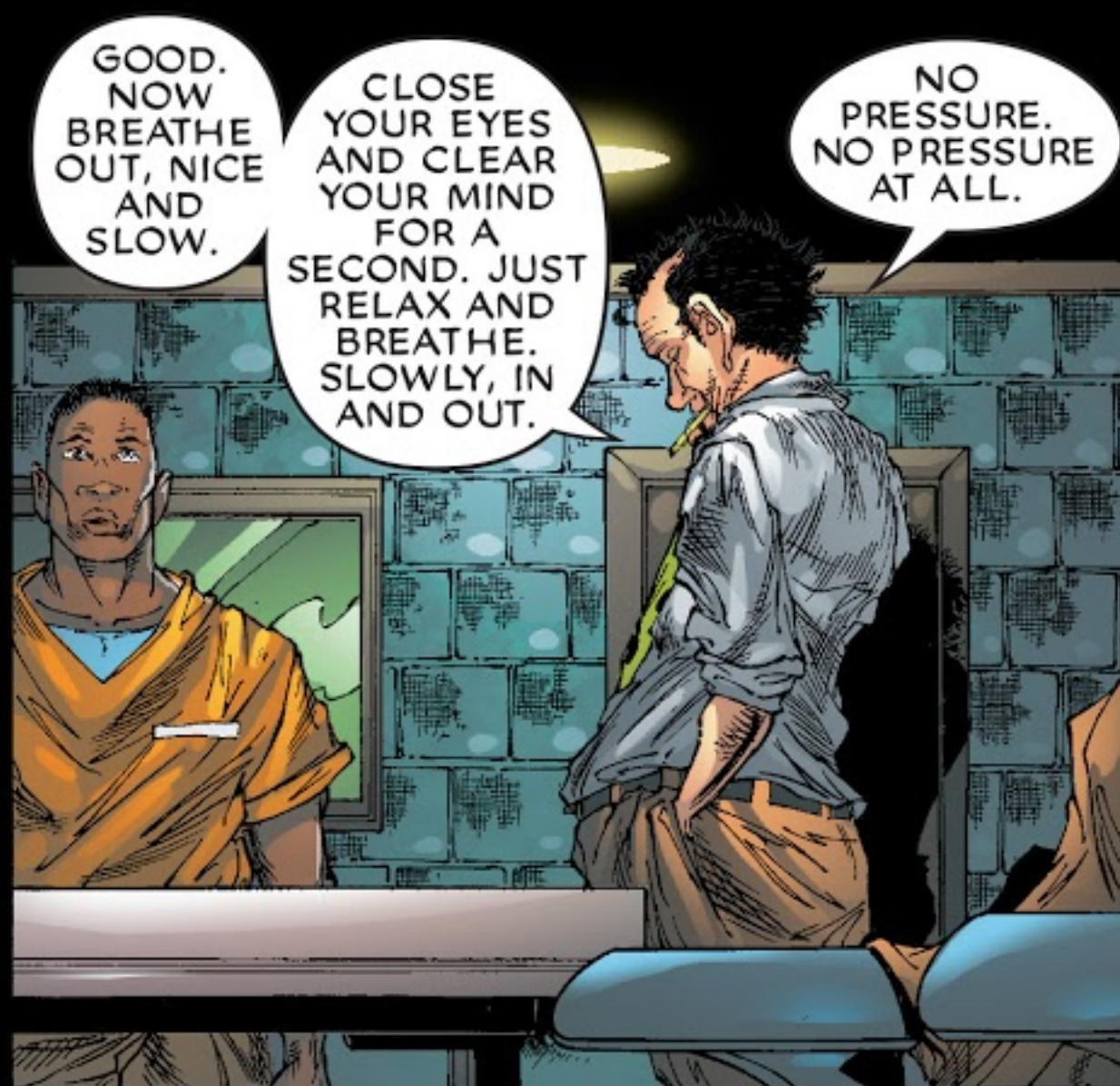
COME ON,
WAKE UP!

YOU.
GET UP.
LET'S
GO.

AAAA!?!
No!!!

















WELL, LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN.

HEY LIZ. WHAT IT IS?

JUST GETTING READY TO KNOCK OFF.

SLOW NIGHT?

PRETTY MUCH. SOME JOHN DOE PUNCHED OUT BRIGGS AND JACKSON.



WERE THEY HURT?

LOT OF BRUISES. BRIGGS GOT HIS SHOULDER DISLOCATED.

Phhht. LOSER. THIS THE GUY? BIG FELLA, AIN'T HE?



THAT'S HIM. SOLDIER OR SOMETHING, I THINK. GENTLE AS A LAMB WHEN THEY BROUGHT HIM IN. GUESS HE JUST SNAPPED.

Hmmm.



DID WE GET A NEW CAMERA, LIZ?

NOPE.



DIFFERENT FILM? CHANGE THE LIGHTING MAYBE?

NOPE. SAME OLD 30-YEAR-OLD CRAP. WHY?

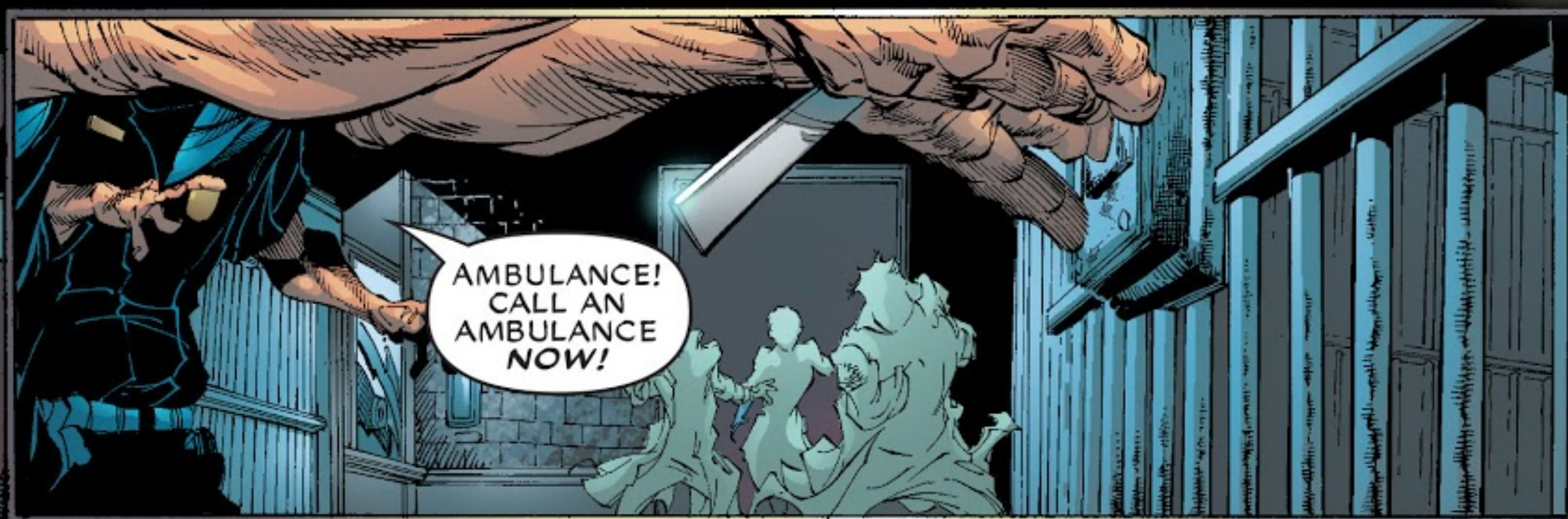


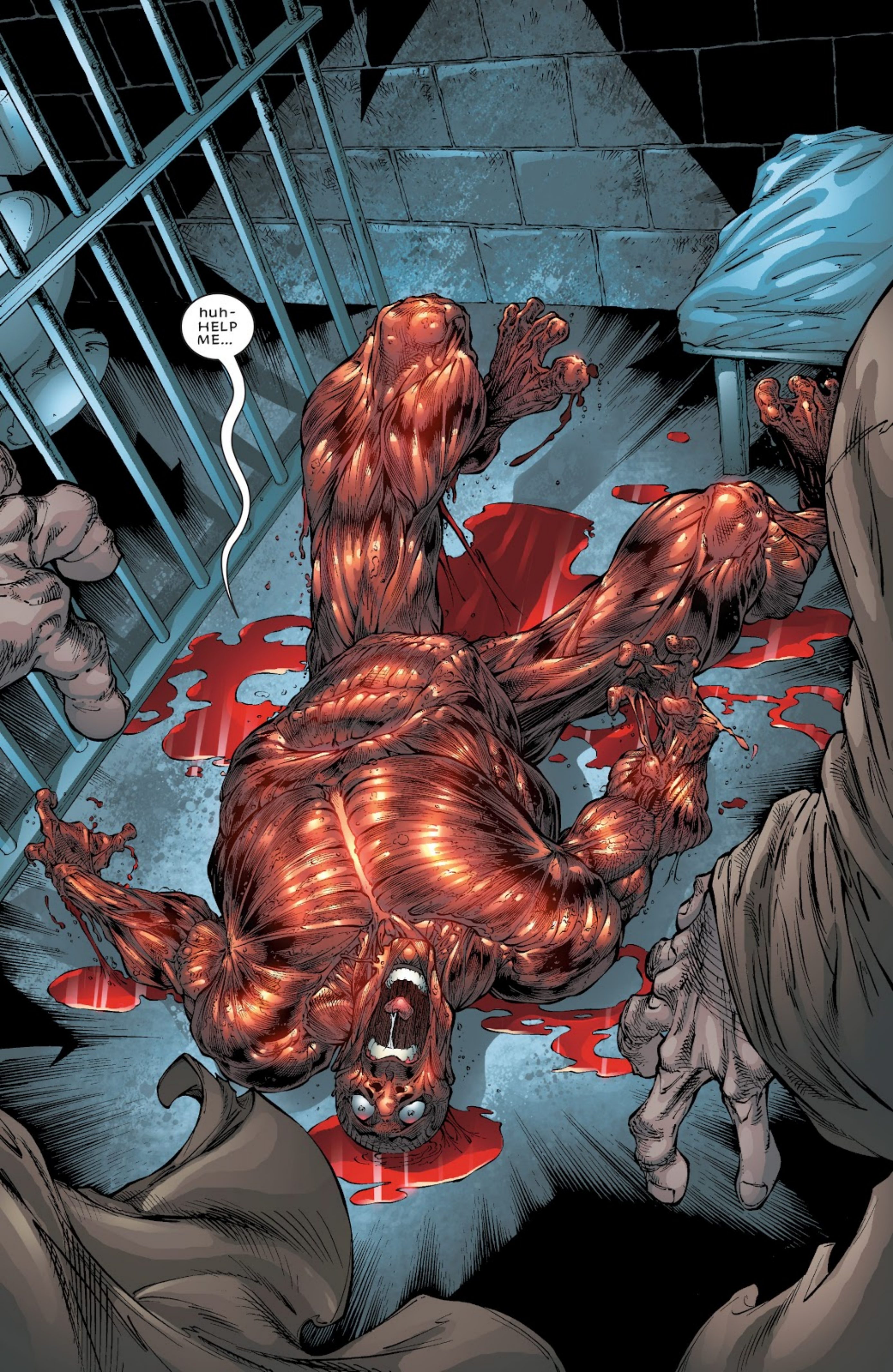
IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING. JUST A LITTLE STRANGE, THAT'S ALL.

TAKE A LOOK.



HE DOESN'T HAVE A SHADOW.







QUEENS, NEW YORK.



oh my
god...



SPAWN




Capullo
02

SPAWN
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I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY WOULD SOMEONE DO THIS?



WE'RE TRYING TO FIGURE THAT OUT, MA'AM. I KNOW THIS IS VERY UPSETTING FOR YOU. PLEASE, ACCEPT OUR SYMPATHIES.

WE WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS, MA'AM. IF YOU'RE UP TO IT, OF COURSE.

CAN YOU THINK OF A REASON SOMEONE WOULD WANT TO BREAK INTO YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S GRAVE?

WAS THERE ANYTHING OF VALUE BURIED WITH HIM? JEWELRY? PRIVATE PAPERS? ANYTHING AT ALL?

WHAT? NO. I MEAN... NOTHING I CAN...



THIS MUCH I KNOW: HE
APPEARED A COUPLE NIGHTS
AGO. COLD. LOST. TERRIFIED.

THERE IS SOMETHING
HUNTING HIM. AND IT WILL
FIND HIM, SOON ENOUGH.

NO MAN
CAN RUN
FROM HIS
SHADOW.

WHO HE IS,
WHERE HE
CAME FROM,
THESE THINGS
HAVE NOT BEEN
REVEALED TO
ME. WHEN THE
TIME COMES, IF
NECESSARY, I
WILL CONSULT
MY SISTERS.

BUT THE
TRUTH IS, IT
SCARCELY
MATTERS
WHERE HE
CAME FROM.

WHAT MATTERS
IS WHERE HE IS
GOING.



IT'S A TALE AS OLD AS ANY. THE LOST PILGRIM, STUMBLING THROUGH THE DARKNESS, BESET BY DANGER ON ALL SIDES.

HE WALKS THE SALVATION ROAD, THE CUTTING EDGE OF TIME AND EXPERIENCE. THE BORDERLINE THAT RUNS BETWEEN WHAT HE WAS AND WHAT HE WILL BECOME.

HE IS AN INFANT, REBORN IN SOME WAY OR ANOTHER. EVERYTHING IS NEW TO HIM. THESE FIRST, DELICATE STEPS WILL BE DIFFICULT.

ANY MISSTEP WILL COST HIM DEARLY.

THERE IS GREAT MAGIC AT WORK HERE. I CAN FEEL IT. IT'S IN THE AIR, SKIMMING THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE LIKE RADIO WAVES.

POWERFUL FORCES ARE CHOOSING SIDES. HE IS THE STILL AND QUIET CENTER AROUND WHICH A TERRIBLE STORM IS GATHERING.

AND HE HAS NO IDEA IT'S COMING...

I CAN'T
REMEMBER A
THING. WHO
I AM. WHERE
I WAS BORN.
I'M NOT EVEN
SURE OF MY
NAME.

EVERYTHING...
THE SMELL
OF GRASS...
THE SOUND
OF BIRDS...
THE AIR IN
MY LUNGS...

THE SUNLIGHT
ON THE DUST
FLOATING IN
FRONT OF MY
EYES...

IT'S ALL SO
GOD DAMN
BEAUTIFUL.

MAYBE I
SHOULD BE
WORRIED.
BUT HOW
CAN I BE?

I BELIEVE
I AM THE
HAPPIEST
MAN IN THE
WORLD.

IT'S SUCH A
PERFECT DAY.







A HALF-EMPTY
BAG OF POPCORN.
GOD KNOWS HOW
LONG IT'S BEEN
SITTING THERE.

I DIDN'T REALIZE
HOW *HUNGRY* I WAS
TILL JUST NOW.



IT'S OLD AND
STALE AND
SMELLS OF
CHEMICALS.



IT'S SO *DELICIOUS*
I COULD CRY.



LOOK AT THEM. THOSE LITTLE
KIDS. SO INNOCENT. SO
CAREFREE. THEY DON'T KNOW
HOW GOOD THEY HAVE IT.

How
LUCKY
THEY
ARE.

How LUCKY
WE ALL ARE.



HE'S STILL
OUT THERE...
STUMBLING
AROUND IN
THE DARK.

IN MANY
WAYS, OUR
SHADOW
DEFINES US.
IT IS AS MUCH
A PART OF US
AS OUR LIMBS,
OUR MINDS,
OUR HEARTS.

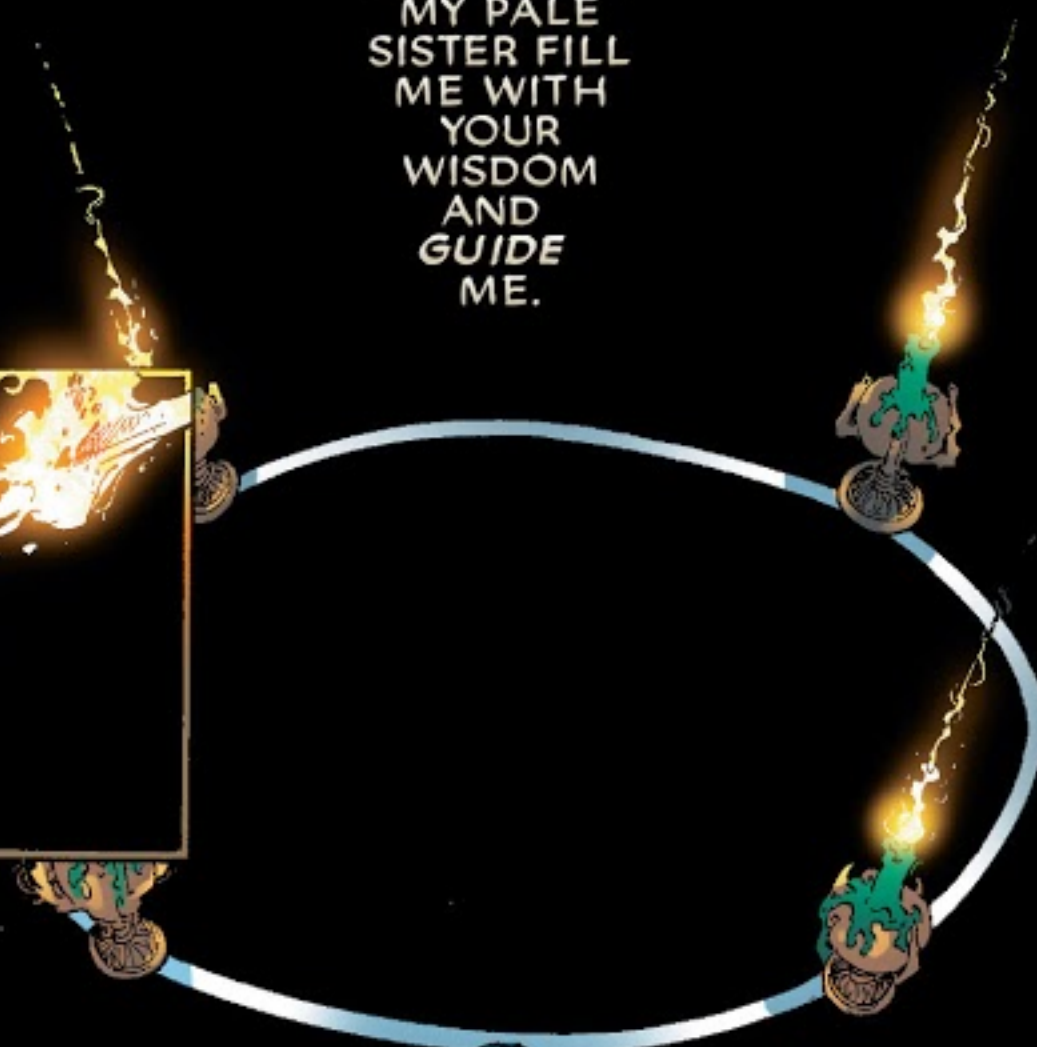
IT IS OUR
DARK SIDE.
OUR
AGGRESSIVE
NATURE.
VIOLENCE.
SEXUAL
HUNGER.
BUT IT IS
MORE THAN
THAT. IT IS
INTUITIVE.
IT IS
CREATIVE
AND
PROTECTIVE.


WITHOUT
IT, A MAN IS
INCOMPLETE.
UNFINISHED.
HE MIGHT
AS WELL BE
WITHOUT A
SOUL.

A MAN WHO HAS
LOST HIS SHADOW
CAN BE A TERRIBLY
DANGEROUS THING.

I CALL TO THE
FOUR CORNERS.
TO THE EAST.
TO THE SOUTH.
TO THE WEST.
TO THE NORTH.

I CALL TO
THE MOON,
MY PALE
SISTER FILL
ME WITH
YOUR WISDOM
AND
GUIDE
ME.





THE PATH OF THE MOON, FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT AND INTO DARKNESS AGAIN, REPRESENTS THE PATH OF MAN'S SOUL ON THE KARMIC WHEEL.

LIFE. DEATH.
REBIRTH. THE
ETERNAL CIRCLE.

THE FOOL RISES BY FORTUNE'S HAND UNTIL HE BECOMES A KING...

BUT AS SOON AS HE CLAIMS HIS THRONE, HE IS DOOMED... HE FALLS, CAST DOWN FROM A GREAT HEIGHT... REBORN INTO DARKNESS TO BEGIN AGAIN AS...

IF YOU'RE
OUT THERE, I'M
LISTENING.

IS THERE
SOMEONE
THERE?

IS THERE A
PRESENCE?

HELLO?

OH...!





NIGHTTIME.
I DON'T LIKE
DARK.

SOMETHING
TELLS ME I
SPENT TOO
MUCH OF MY
LIFE IN THE
SHADOWS.

WHERE AM I?
WHY DID I
COME HERE?

SOMETHING
DREW ME.
SOME FAINT
GHOST OF
MEMORY.

THIS
PLACE...
IT
SMELLS
LIKE
DEATH.

I THINK
THIS
USED TO
BE MY
HOME.

HEY!
LOOK
WHO'S
BACK!

HEY,
AL. LONG
TIME NO
SEE.

YEAH.
WHERE
YOU BEEN,
BUDDY?

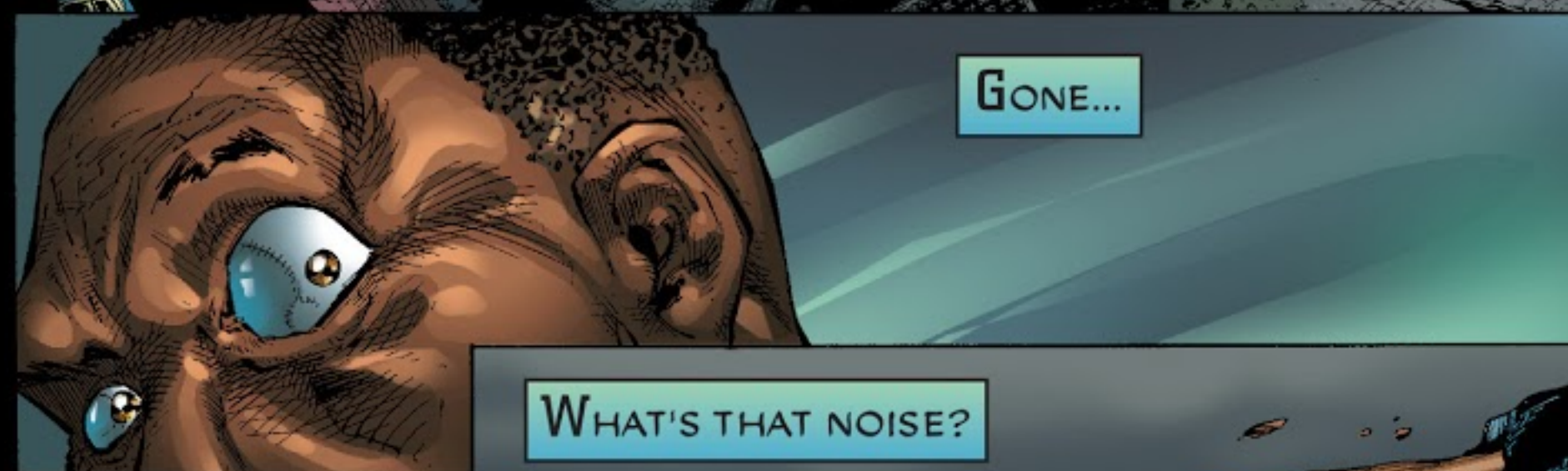


WHY'D YOU
DO IT, AL?
WHY'D YOU GO'N
LEAVE US?

WHO ARE
YOU? DO
YOU KNOW
ME?



DO
YOU
KNOW
WHO I
AM?



GONE...



WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



LIKE *CHAINS*... SCRAPING
AGAINST STONE...

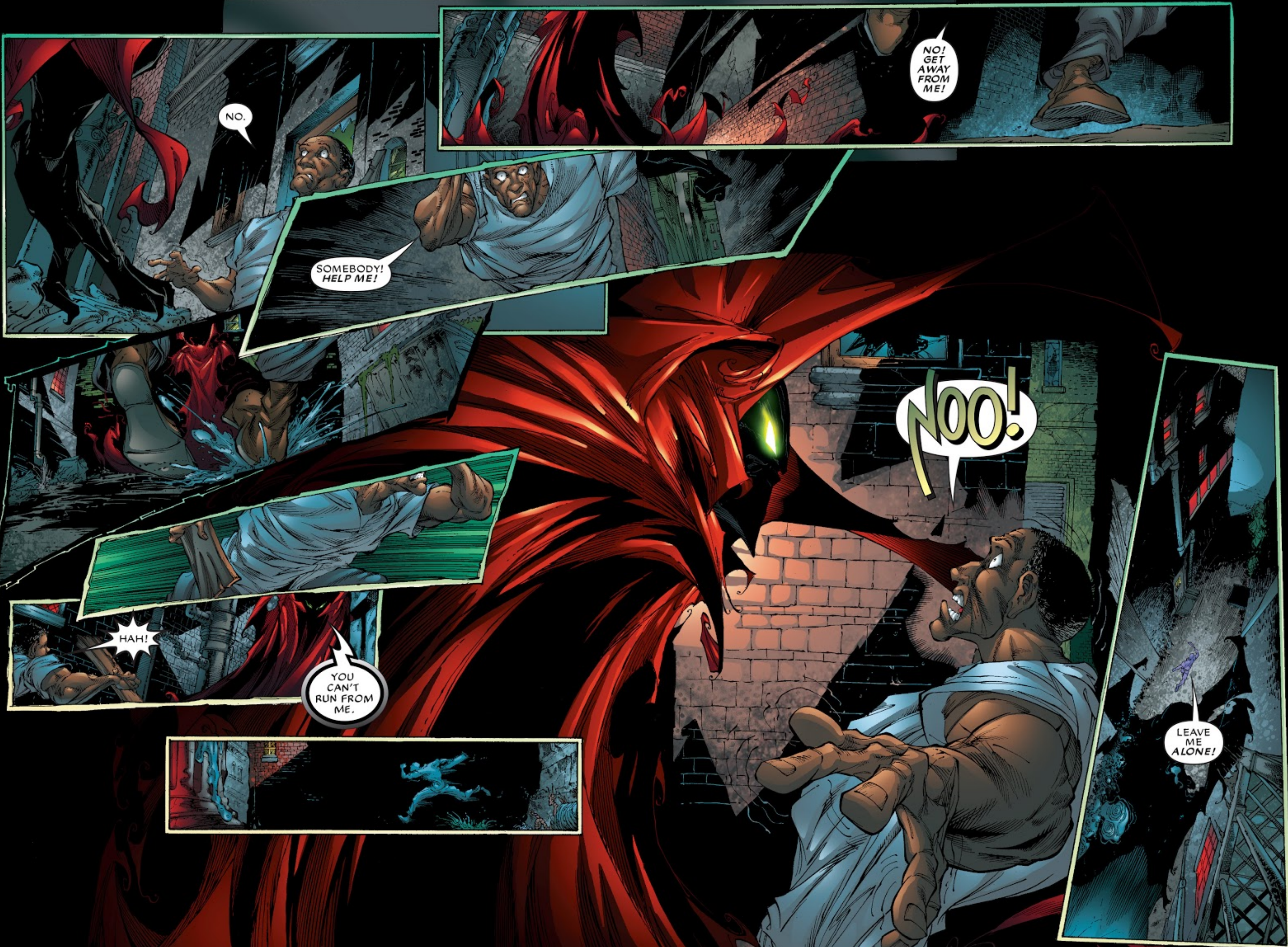
THE DRUMMING
OF A *HEARTBEAT*.



I THINK
IT'S MINE.

I'VE BEEN
WAITING
FOR YOU.





NO.

SOMEBODY!
HELP ME!

NO!
GET
AWAY
FROM
ME!

NOO!

YOU
CAN'T
RUN FROM
ME.

HAH!

LEAVE
ME
ALONE!



HUHN...
HUHN...

HI.
MY NAME
IS NYX.
I'M HERE
TO *HELP*
YOU.



THIS IS ALL GOING ON ABOVE MY PAY GRADE. I KNOW THAT. AND I KNOW I'M THE ONE WHO WANTED OUT OF THE CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT.

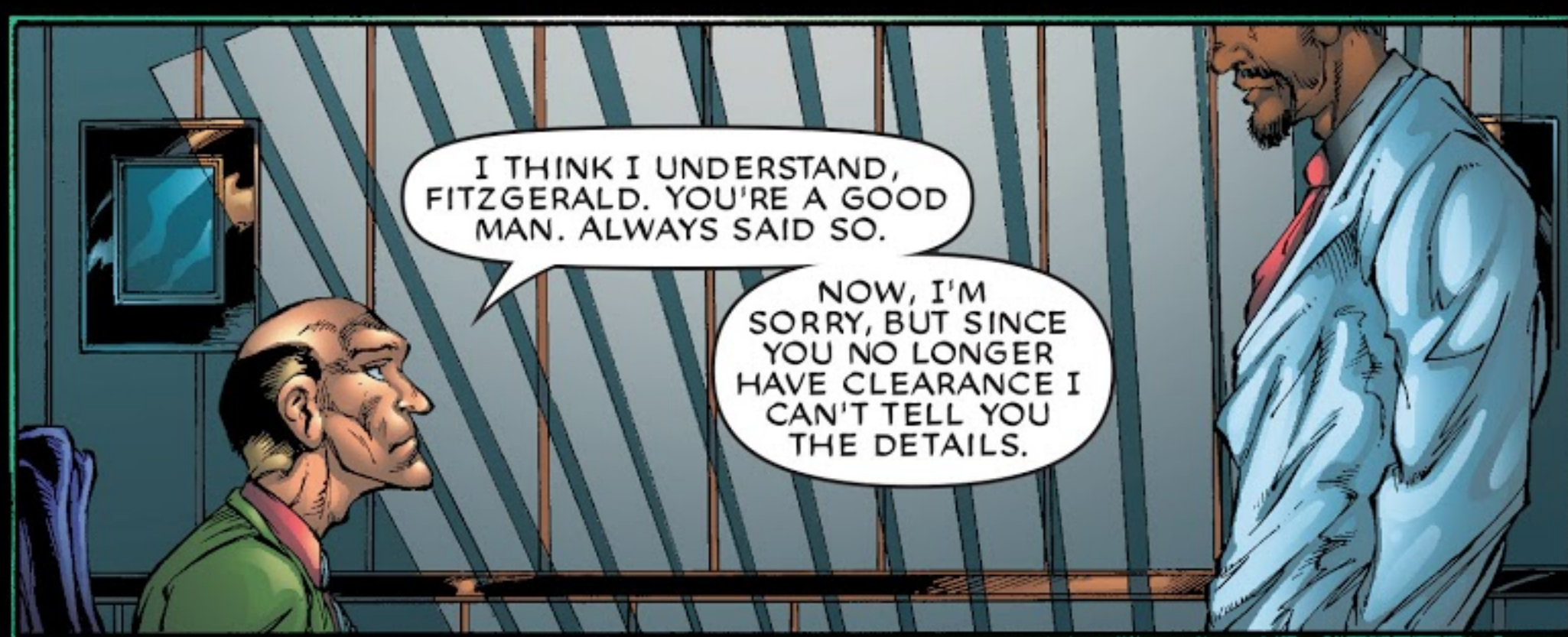
DON'T GET ME WRONG. I'M HAPPY WORKING ON THE PUBLIC SIDE OF OPERATIONS. BUT...



SEE, THING IS, THIS IS MY **BEST FRIEND** WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. MY WIFE'S FIRST HUSBAND.

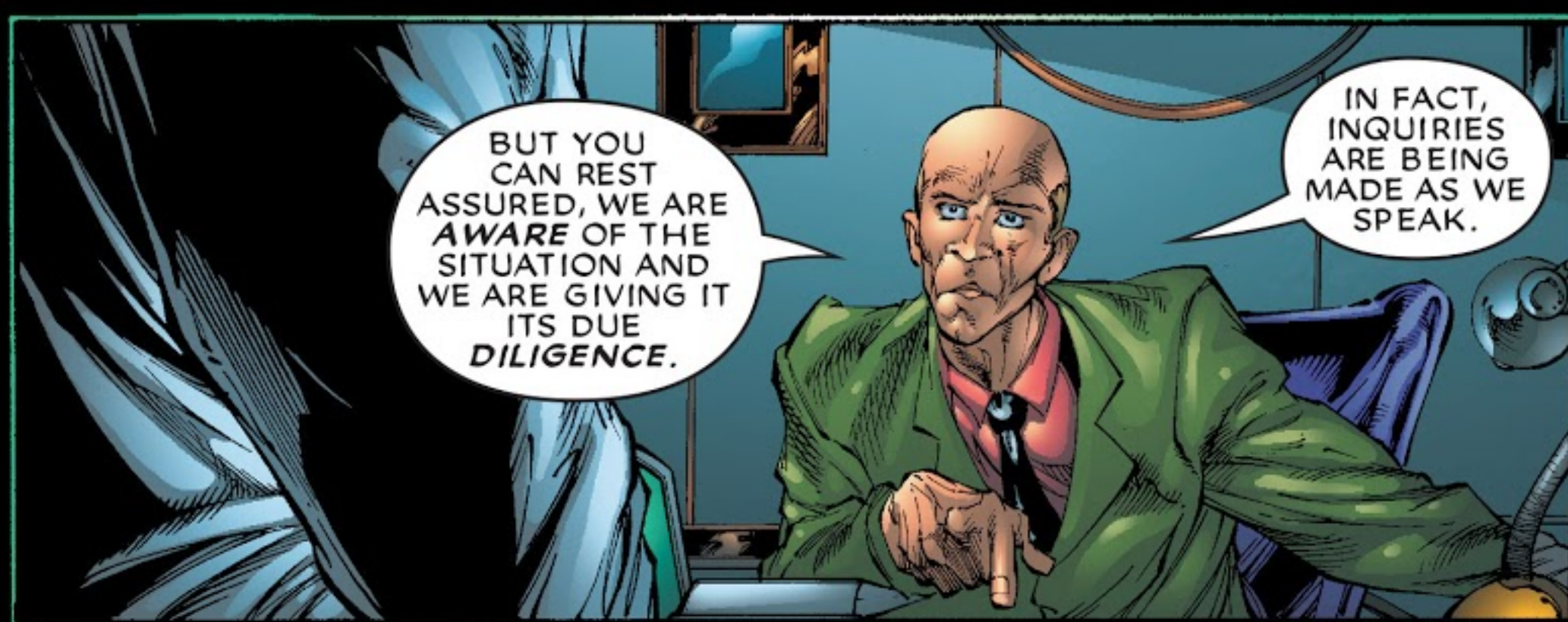
AND I KNOW **SOMETHING'S** GOING ON. THIS WASN'T KIDS PLAYING A PRANK. SOMEONE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.

I'M NOT SAYING I NEED TO KNOW EVERYTHING, BUT SIR I WAS HOPING...



I THINK I UNDERSTAND, FITZGERALD. YOU'RE A GOOD MAN. ALWAYS SAID SO.

NOW, I'M SORRY, BUT SINCE YOU NO LONGER HAVE CLEARANCE I CAN'T TELL YOU THE DETAILS.



BUT YOU CAN REST ASSURED, WE ARE **AWARE** OF THE SITUATION AND WE ARE GIVING IT ITS DUE **DILIGENCE**.

IN FACT, INQUIRIES ARE BEING MADE AS WE SPEAK.

SO WHAT YOU
THINK THEY WANT
WITH *HIM*?

I DUNNO.
DUDE USED
TO BE TOP
DOG AROUND
HERE, BELIEVE
IT OR NOT.
PROBABLY WANT
TO PICK HIS
BRAIN ABOUT
SOME-
THING.

RIGHT.
WHAT'S
LEFT OF
IT...

MR.
WYNN,
COME WITH
US PLEASE.
THE BOYS
UPSTAIRS
WOULD LIKE
TO HAVE A
CHAT WITH
YOU.

SIMMONSSS...



SPAWN



Capullo
D.

123



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM





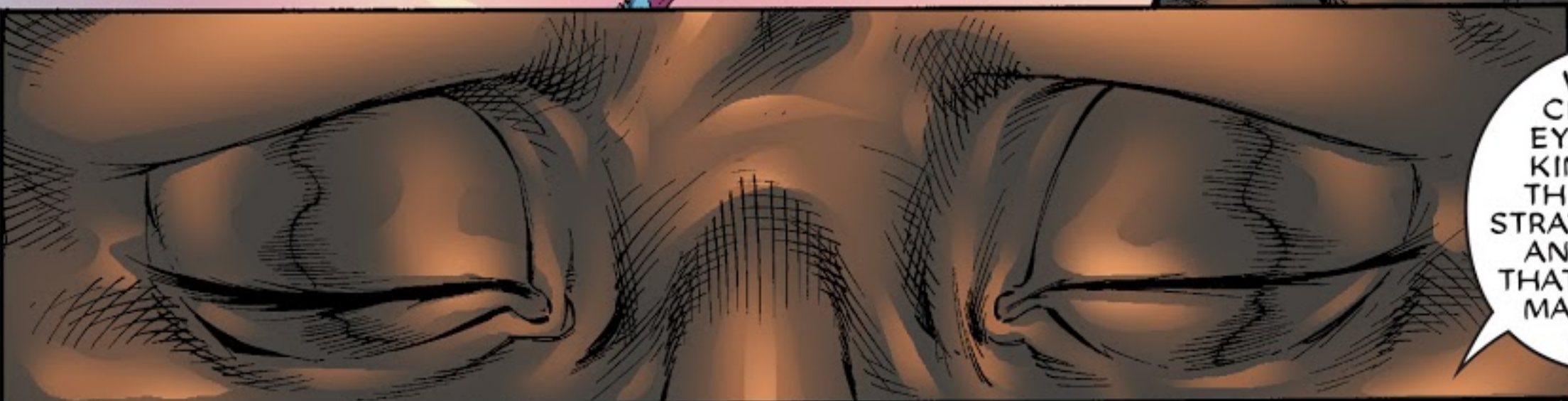
YOU'VE HAD A ROUGH COUPLE OF NIGHTS, AL. YOU DESERVE A NICE MEAL. AND A SYMPATHETIC EAR.

STILL CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING?

NO. NOT REALLY.

I MEAN I CAN REMEMBER THINGS LIKE THE GODFATHER AND HANK AARON AND HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH. BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT ME.

I FEEL LIKE I'M IN A BAD MOVIE. MAYBE I CAME OUT OF COMA. OR I WAS HIT BY A CROSS-TOWN BUS AND GOT AMNESIA.



WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, I CAN KIND OF SEE THINGS. JUST STRAY THOUGHTS AND IMAGES THAT DON'T ANY MAKE SENSE AT ALL.



HELL,
MAYBE I TOOK
A LOT OF *DRUGS*.
BELIEVE ME,
THERE'S SOME
REALLY *WEIRD*
STUFF INSIDE
MY HEAD.



I'M PRETTY
SURE IT'S MORE
COMPLEX THAN
THAT.

I'M
NOT GOING TO
PRETEND TO HAVE
ALL THE ANSWERS.
BUT I DO HAVE A
CERTAIN *SENSITIVITY*
ABOUT THESE
THINGS.



SOMETHING WAS DONE TO YOU. SOMETHING WAS *STOLEN*. TAKEN FROM YOU. AND IT'S LEFT YOU INCOMPLETE.

I WANT TO HELP YOU PUT THINGS BACK TOGETHER.



BUT WHY? WHY WOULD SOMEONE... I MEAN, WHY ME?

I CAN'T SAY FOR SURE. I THINK YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE *IMPORTANT*. OR SOMEONE VERY *DANGEROUS*.

WOW.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. WE'LL WORK IT OUT. THING IS, THE PART THAT WAS *STOLEN*, THE THING THAT'S *MISSING*...

IT WANTS TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. FOR NOW, LET ME TAKE YOU BACK TO MY PLACE.

YOU NEED A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE *CLOTHES*.





LOOK AT THIS CITY IN THE RAIN. THE WAY THE LIGHTS REFLECT OFF THE PUDDLES. THAT FRESH SMELL. ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

YOU'RE NOT GONNA GO ALL *GENE KELLY* ON ME, ARE YOU, AL?

YOU KNOW, I JUST MIGHT. SO TELL ME, WHAT KIND OF NAME IS *NYX*, ANYWAY?

SHE WAS THE GREEK GODDESS OF *NIGHT*. I TOOK HER NAME WHEN I CAME INTO MY POWER.



SO I DON'T GET IT. ARE YOU LIKE...A *WITCH* OR SOMETHING?

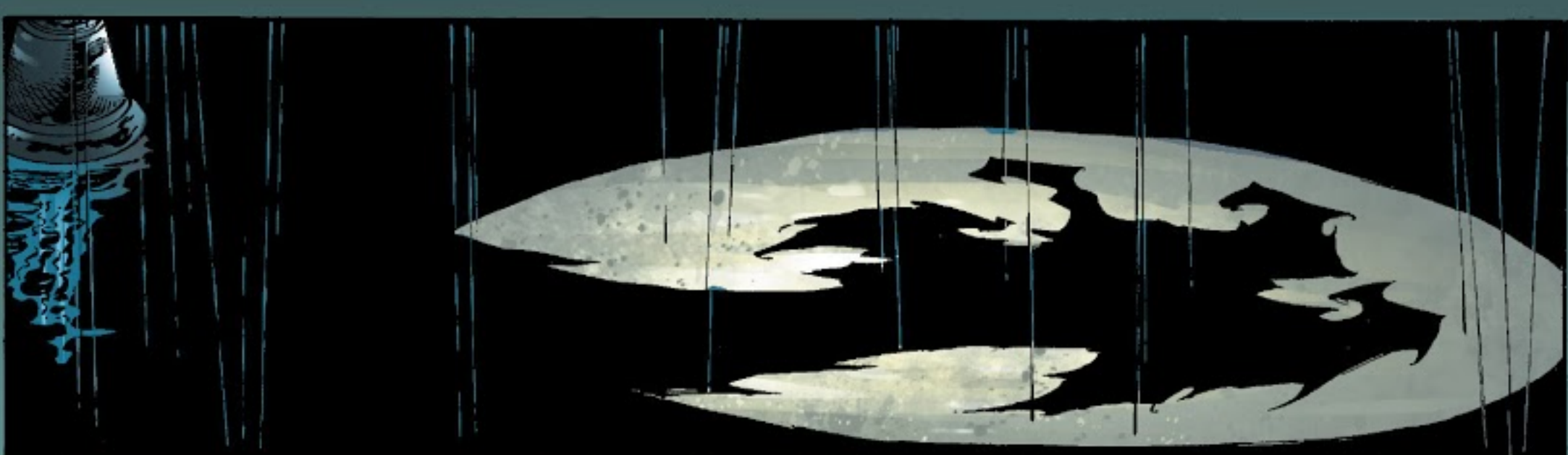
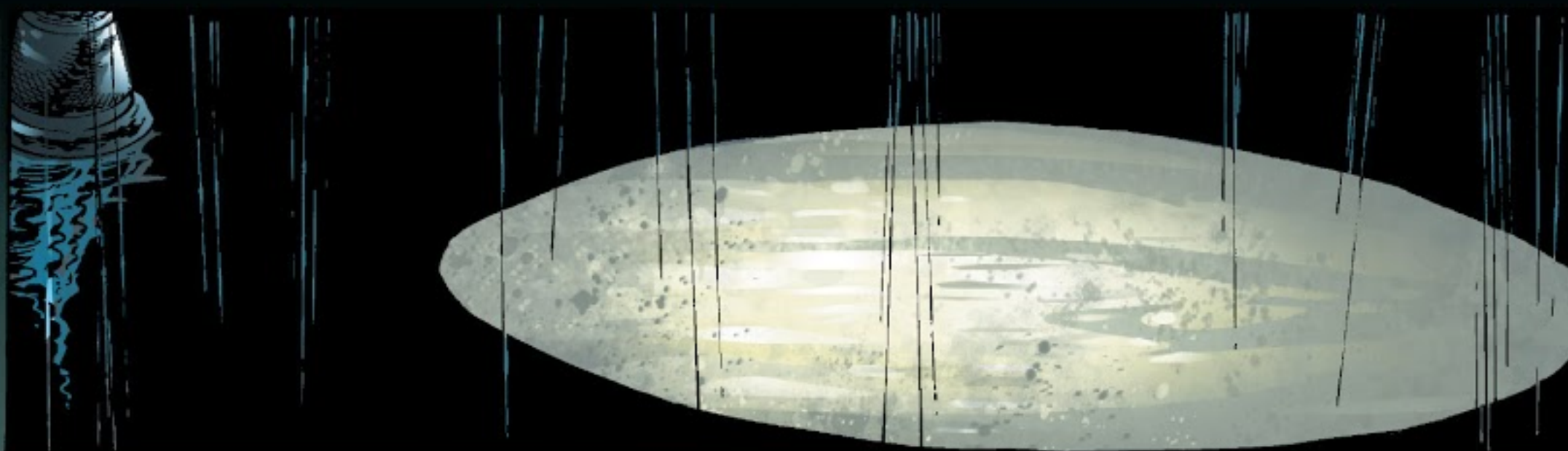
WE PREFER *WICCAN*.



OH, I SEE. SHOULD I BE WORRIED?

NO. I DON'T THINK SO.

SHOULD I?



WE
HAVE A
LOT OF
QUESTIONS
FOR YOU,
WYNN.

WHY
WOULD
ANYONE WANT
TO STEAL THE
BODY OF
A DEAD
OPERATIVE?

HOW
EXACTLY DID
SIMMONS
DIE?

WERE YOU
HIDING
SOMETHING?

SIMMONS...?

THE FILES ARE
CONSPICUOUSLY
INCOMPLETE.

YES,
WHY IS
THAT?

DID
YOU BURY
SOMETHING
WITH
HIM?

MR. WYNN...
WE'RE
WAITING.

UNLESS
YOU WANT
TO GO BACK TO
YOUR *HOLE*,
YOU'D BEST GIVE
US SOME
ANSWERS.

I...

SIMMONS...?
NO... HE'S...
HE'S...

JUST TELL
THEM THE
TRUTH!



TELL THEM THAT AL SIMMONS IS A MONSTER RETURNED FROM THE DEAD. TELL THEM HE'S A SOLDIER FROM HELL...

TRUST ME! THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE!

ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME WITH THIS CRAP? THEY ALREADY THINK YOU'RE NUTTIER THAN SQUIRREL DUNG!

TRUST ME! YOU WANT TO PLAY THIS ONE CLOSE TO THE VEST.

STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!



TRUTH!



LIE!

MR. WYNN?
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

FEELS
GREAT!

LESS
SINFUL!

FEELS
GREAT!

LESS
SINFUL!

OKAY...
NOW
YOU'VE
DONE IT!

SAY
YOUR
PRAYERS,
GOD-
BOY!

OH
CRAP!

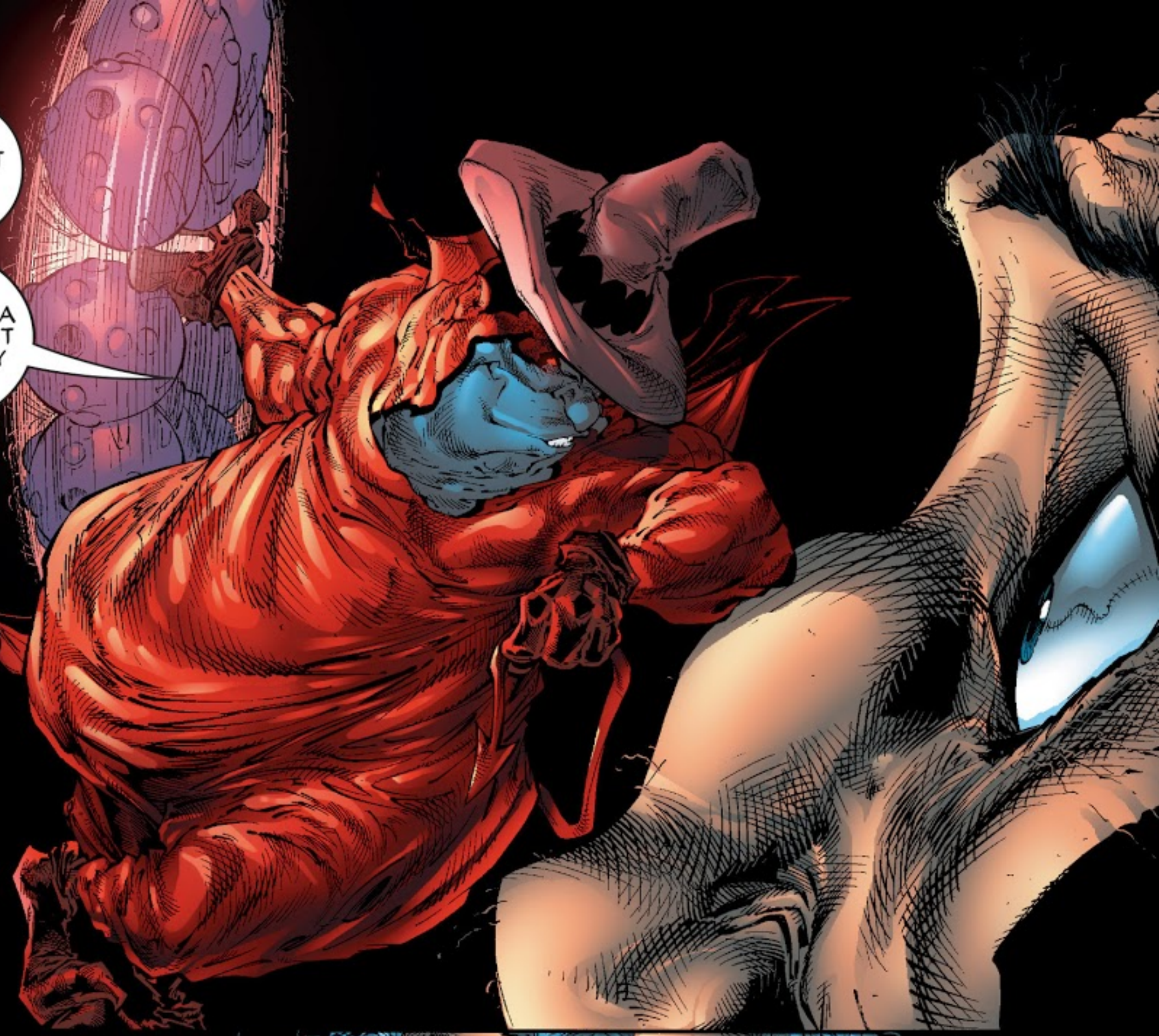
BLAZAAM!

MR. WYNN? IS
THERE SOMETHING
MORE **PRESSING**
HOLDING YOUR
ATTENTION?

I...
IT'S...
CAN'T
YOU...?

SUCK IT UP, PALLY. WE BOTH KNOW THAT *LITTLE FAIRY* NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.

NOW, LISTEN TO ME. I'M GONNA TELL YOU JUST HOW TO PLAY THIS ONE. OKAY?



OKAY.



MR. WYNN. WE ARE BUSY MEN. OUR PATIENCE HAS ITS LIMITS.

MR. WYNN?

GENTLEMEN... IT SEEMS WE'RE AT AN IMPASSE. I GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT AND YOU THROW ME BACK IN THAT HORRID LITTLE CELL.


HARDLY AN INCENTIVE TO COOPERATE.



WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, WYNN? YOU'RE NOT IN A POSITION TO NEGOTIATE.

OH... I THINK I AM.





THE
INFORMATION
YOU WANT ISN'T
IN THE FILES BECAUSE
I DID NOT PUT IT
THERE. I AM IN **SOLE
POSSESSION** OF
THOSE FACTS. THOSE
FACTS AND MANY
OTHERS.

NOW,
I'M MORE
THAN WILLING
TO COOPERATE,
BUT I EXPECT
SOME
CONSIDERATION
IN RETURN.
GRAB A **PEN**.
YOU WANT TO
**WRITE THIS
DOWN.**

FIRST,
I WANT A
LONG, HOT
SHOWER IN
PRIVATE.

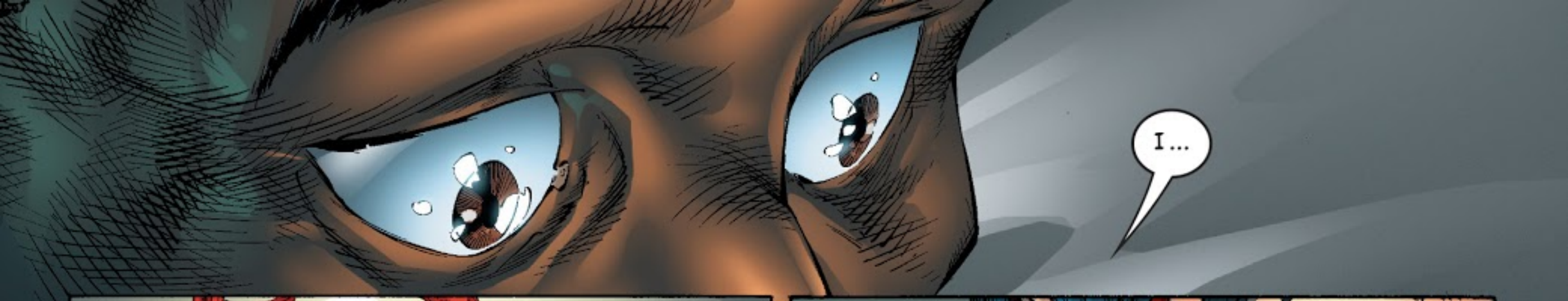
SECOND,
I WOULD
LIKE SOME
CLEAN,
WELL-MADE
CLOTHES.

THEN
I WOULD
LIKE TO SIT IN
A COMFORTABLE
CHAIR AND ENJOY
AN AGREEABLE
MEAL.

AND THEN,
WHEN I'VE
FINISHED...

THEN I
WANT A
LAWYER.





I...



AL,
WHAT
IS IT?

NOTHING.



OH...YOU
WANT TO BE
TOUCHED, DON'T
YOU? OF COURSE.
IT MAKES PERFECT
SENSE AFTER ALL
YOU'VE BEEN
THROUGH.

NO ONE'S
TOUCHED YOU
FOR A **LONG
TIME**, HAVE
THEY?



HELL, WHY
NOT? BUT YOU
BETTER FINISH
THAT FIRST.

HMM?



NYX,
I'M SORRY.
I HONESTLY
DIDN'T MEAN
ANYTHING
BY...

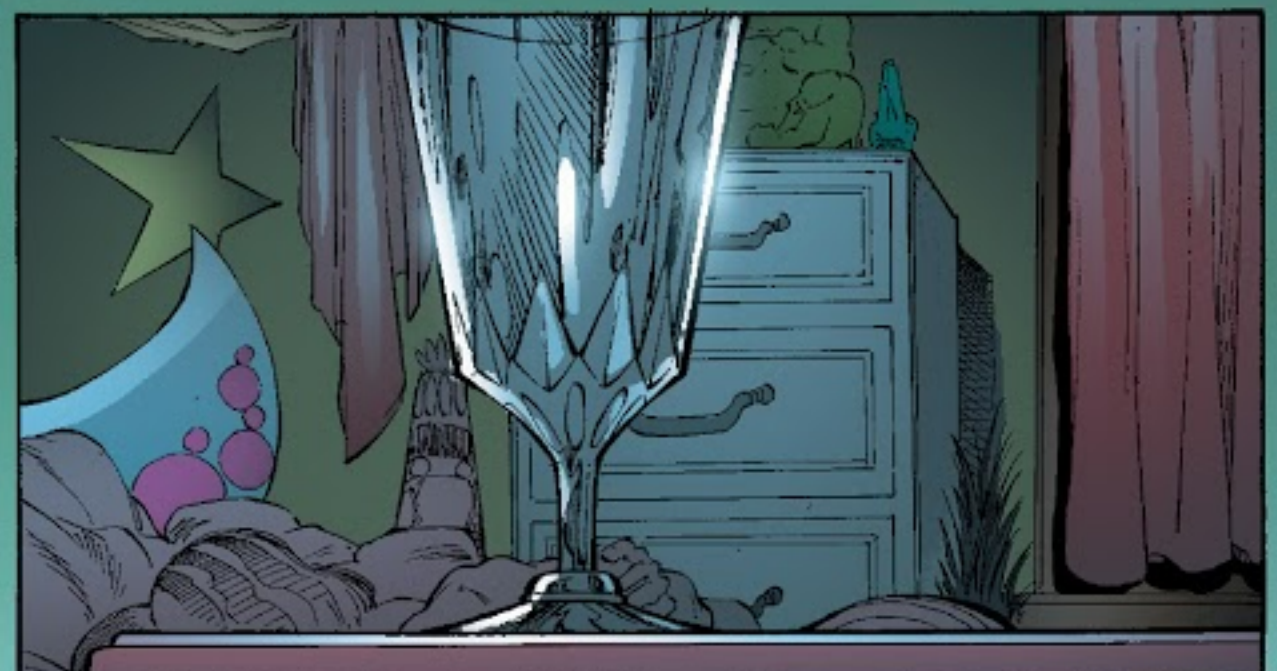
IT'S
OKAY.
THERE'S NO
SHAME
HERE.



IN FACT,
IT'LL PROBABLY
MAKE THINGS
EASIER.



JUST
RELAX, AL.
I'M GOING TO
MAKE IT ALL
BETTER.





THE TUG OF THE
MOON PULLS MY
EYES OPEN.

MOUTH DRY.
HEAD STUFFED
WITH SAND.

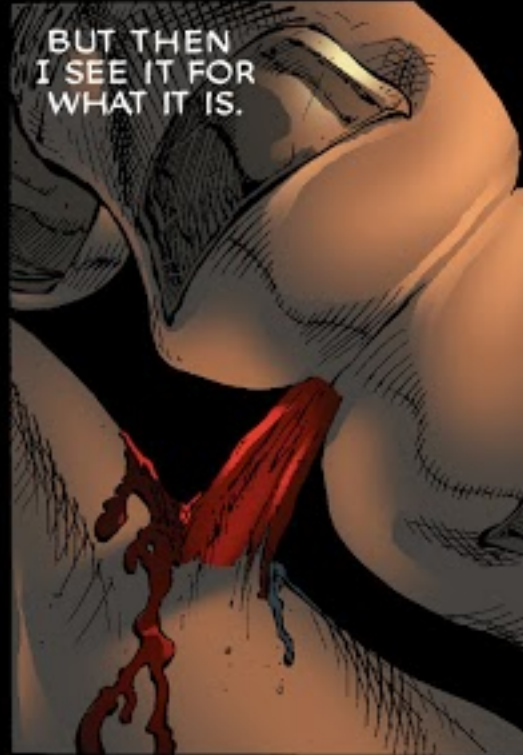


THERE'S PAIN.
SMALL, BUT
THROBBING.

I ASSUME IT'S
NOTHING.



A LITTLE SNAG,
NOTHING MORE.



BUT THEN
I SEE IT FOR
WHAT IT IS.



A
FATAL
FLAW.



PERHAPS IT
HAD BEEN
THERE ALL
ALONG.



JUST WAITING
FOR ME TO
TUG AT IT.



WAITING TO
UNRAVEL.

I SLOUGH OFF
THE PAST LIKE
OLD, DEAD SKIN.
THEN I SEE IT.

THE UGLY
UNDERNEATH.

DEEP
INSIDE,
AT MY
CORE,
THIS IS
WHAT
I AM.

IT HAD
BEEN THERE
ALL ALONG.



NEW BORN.
A MOTH WITH
FRAIL, DAMP
WINGS.

BUT THEN
I MOVE,
SPURRED
BY THE
NIGHT.

THESE WILD
APPENDAGES, THESE
CHAINS FORGED BY
MY OWN HAND...

THEY COME
ALIVE.

THEY DANCE
AND FLAIL AND
REACH BEYOND
THE DARK
HORIZON.

CRIMSON
MOTH-
WINGS
BILLOW,
SPREAD
LIKE BLOOD
IN DARK
WATERS.

I WANT TO
SCREAM.



I WANT TO
SCREAM.

BUT I
CAN'T.

GOOD.
YOU'RE
AWAKE. I
WAS GETTING
ANXIOUS.

I FEEL
LIKE
WENDY
IN PETER
PAN.





DON'T WORRY. YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK WHEN WE'RE DONE.

THE MOON'S AT ITS APOGEE.





JUST TRY
AND RELAX,
OKAY? I MEAN, I
KNOW HOW THIS
MUST LOOK.

BUT
YOU'RE
JUST
GOING TO
HAVE TO
TRUST
ME.

I
WON'T
LIE TO
YOU,
AL...



THIS IS
GOING
TO
HURT.



SPAWN





YOU
HAVE TO
TRUST ME,
AL...

I'M
DOING THIS
FOR
YOUR OWN
GOOD.

I CAN'T
REMEMBER
ANY PART
OF MY LIFE
THAT
HAPPENED
MORE THAN
A FEW DAYS
AGO. AND
NOW...

THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING,
CAN IT?

I DON'T
KNOW
WHO I AM.
I DON'T
KNOW
WHERE I
COME FROM.

NOW I'M
GOING TO
DIE.



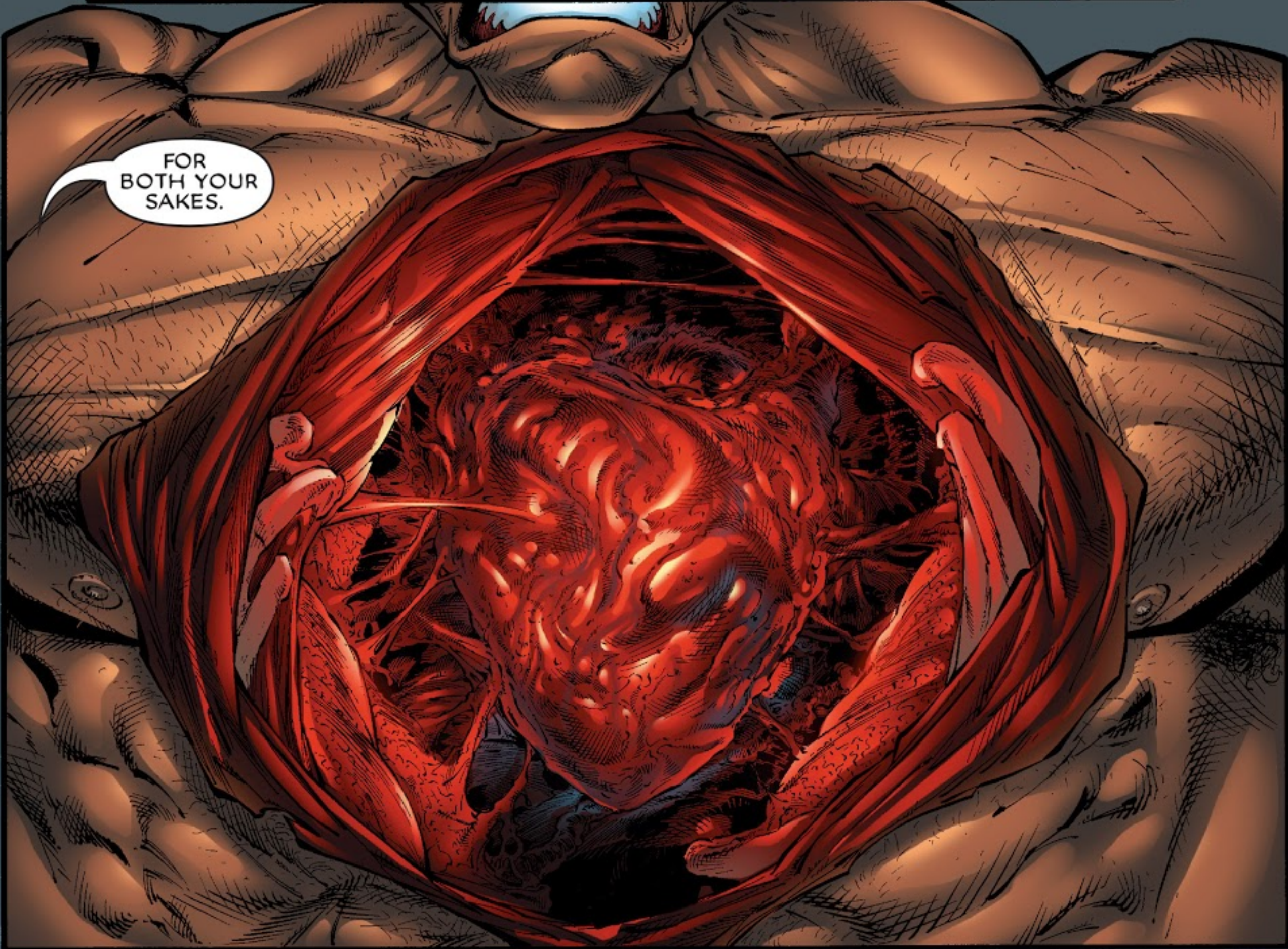
I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO EXPLAIN IT, BUT
SOMEHOW YOU WERE SPLIT
IN TWO. SEPARATED FROM
YOUR OWN SHADOW.



BUT IT'S
PART OF
YOU. YOU CAN'T
LAST LONG
WITHOUT IT.



IT
NEEDS
TO BE
REUNITED
WITH
YOU.



FOR
BOTH YOUR
SAKES.



I CAN HEAR HER TALKING, BUT THE WORDS FALL AWAY SOMEHOW. I CHOKE BACK VOMIT AS I FEEL THE COOL AIR ON MY BEATING HEART.

THIS IS WORSE THAN A NIGHTMARE. THIS IS *HELL*.

THAT *THING* AT THE END OF THE BED, THAT *MONSTER*. I KNOW IT FROM SOMEWHERE.

AND I KNOW THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD I *FEAR* MORE.

IT REACHES OUT AND TOUCHES ME WITH VILE, BLACK LITTLE TONGUES.

IT SLIDES ACROSS MY FLESH AND ALL OF SUDDEN IT STRIKES ME: *DYING* MAY NOT BE THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD.



TRY NOT TO SQUIRM. WE WANT TO GET THIS RIGHT THE FIRST TIME.

THE NEEDLE IS MADE OF PUREST SILVER SHARPENED ON A LODESTONE UNDER THE FULL MOON.

THE THREAD IS SPUN FROM BLIND SPIDERS, BORN IN THE DARKNESS WITHOUT EYES.



YOU HAVE A STRONG HEART. YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE IT THROUGH THIS.

MY HEART?!




CHRIST ALMIGHTY! SHE'S STICKING NEEDLES INTO MY HEART!

PLEASE! PLEASE LET ME DIE!



I CAN FEEL HER COMPLETE THE FIRST STITCH. AND THEN IT HAPPENS.



THE FLOODGATES
OPEN AND I CAN
REMEMBER. I CAN
REMEMBER IT ALL.

LIKE A GIANT WAVE, IT CRASHES
DOWN OVER ME. SUSPENDED
IN EVERY DROP IS A MOMENT,
GLITTERING LIKE A DARK STAR.
IT COMES TO ME ALL AT ONCE.

THIS WAS
MY LIFE.

NO. THAT'S
NOT TRUE. I HAD
TWO LIVES.

I WAS AL
SIMMONS.

I WAS
SPAWN.

THAT THING, THAT
CREATURE I WAS
RUNNING FROM...
THAT WAS ME.

THAT'S NOT
MY SHADOW
SHE'S SEWING
ON TO ME.

IT IS MY
DEMON.

TIME SLOWS TO A DRIP NOW.
PAIN SHOOTS LIKE LIGHTNING
DOWN MY SPINE. HOT TEARS
RUN DOWN MY FACE.

I'VE BEEN LIVING IN
IGNORANT BLISS. BUT
NO MORE. THE SCALES
HAVE BEEN LIFTED
FROM MY EYES.

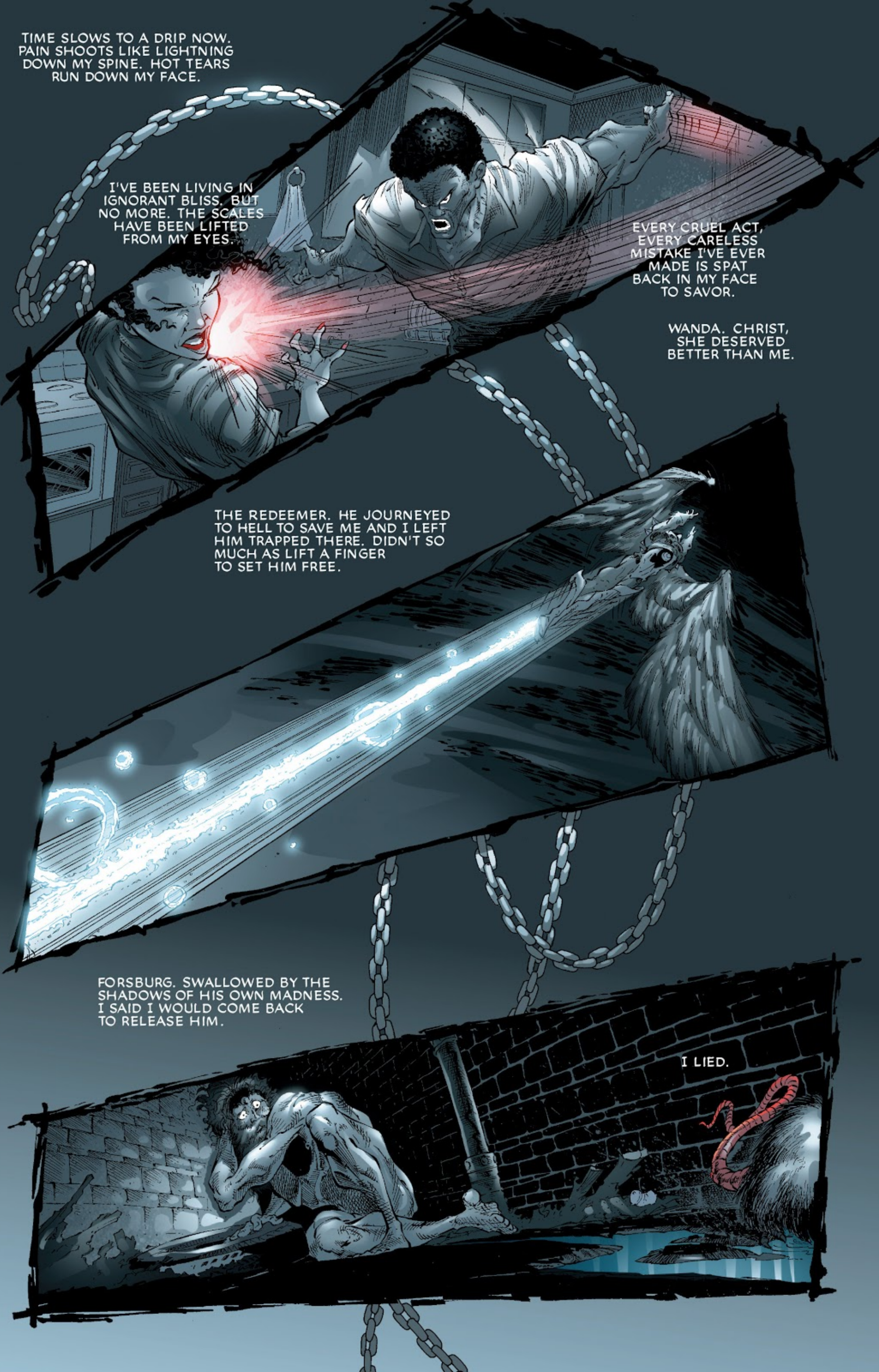
EVERY CRUEL ACT,
EVERY CARELESS
MISTAKE I'VE EVER
MADE IS SPAT
BACK IN MY FACE
TO SAVOR.

WANDA. CHRIST,
SHE DESERVED
BETTER THAN ME.

THE REDEEMER. HE JOURNEYED
TO HELL TO SAVE ME AND I LEFT
HIM TRAPPED THERE. DIDN'T SO
MUCH AS LIFT A FINGER
TO SET HIM FREE.

FORSBURG. SWALLOWED BY THE
SHADOWS OF HIS OWN MADNESS.
I SAID I WOULD COME BACK
TO RELEASE HIM.

I LIED.





I KILLED WITHOUT
FEELING, WITHOUT
REGRET, WITHOUT
QUESTIONING.

I SPURNED
THE FAITH
OF THOSE
WHO LOVED
ME JUST SO
I WOULDN'T
BE ALONE
IN MY PAIN.

OVER AND
OVER AGAIN.
AS A MAN...
AS A
MONSTER...

I CAUSED SO
MUCH SUFFERING.
AND NOW IT'S
COMING BACK
TO ME.

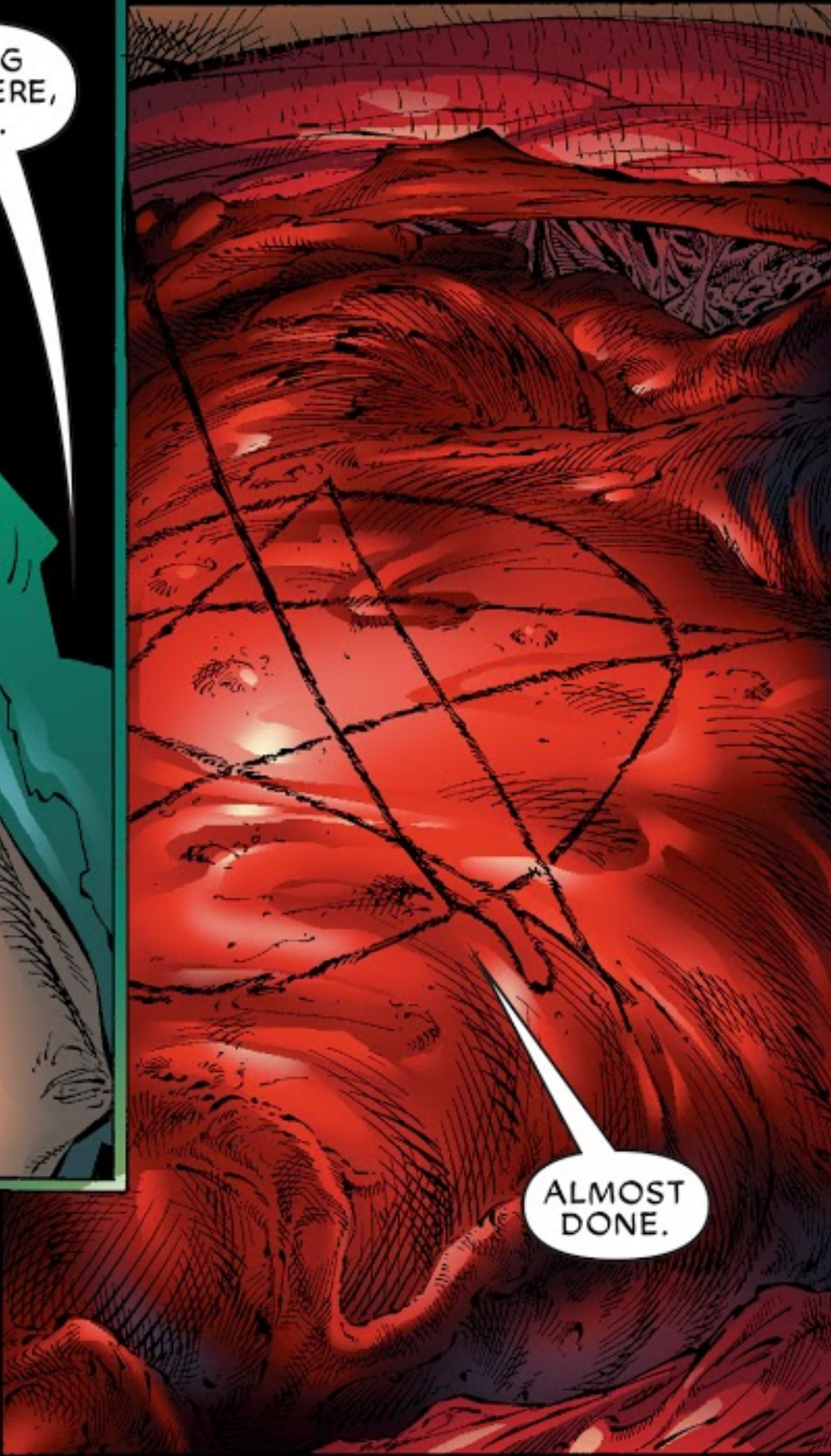
I BLAMED WYNN.
I BLAMED TERRY.
I BLAMED THE
DEVIL AND I
BLAMED GOD.

BUT NOW I
SEE. IT'S ALL
MY FAULT.

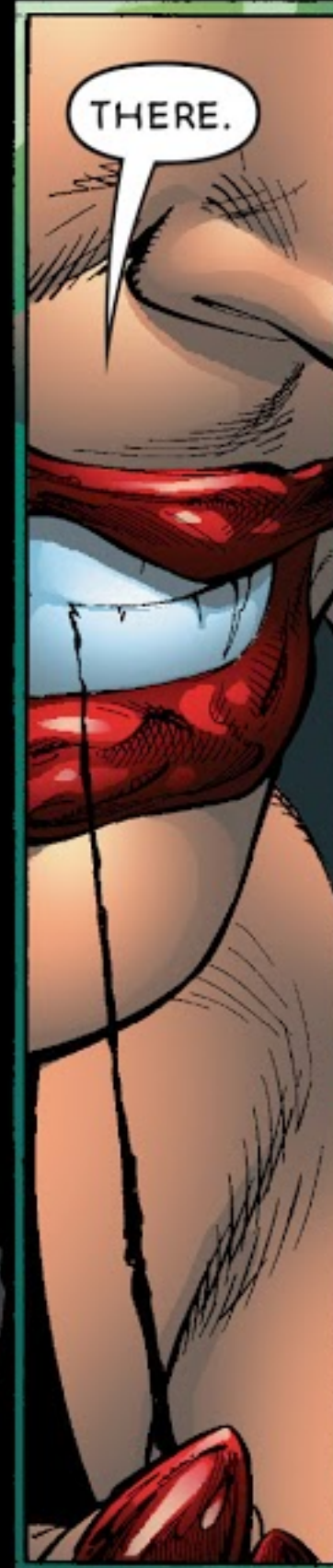
THERE'S
NO ONE
TO BLAME
BUT ME.



HANG
IN THERE,
AL.

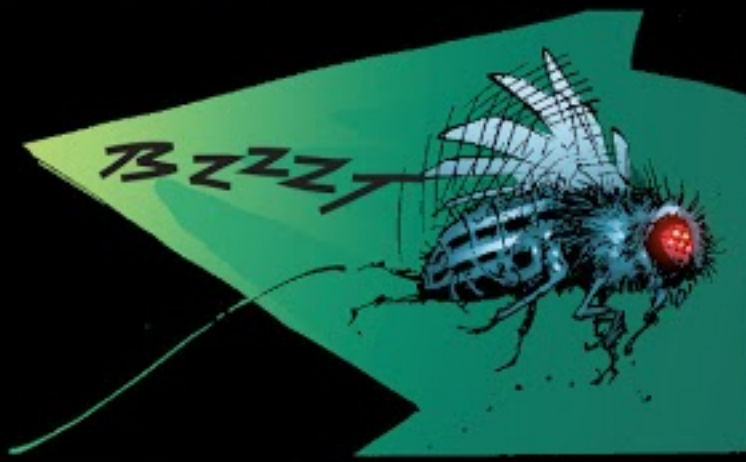
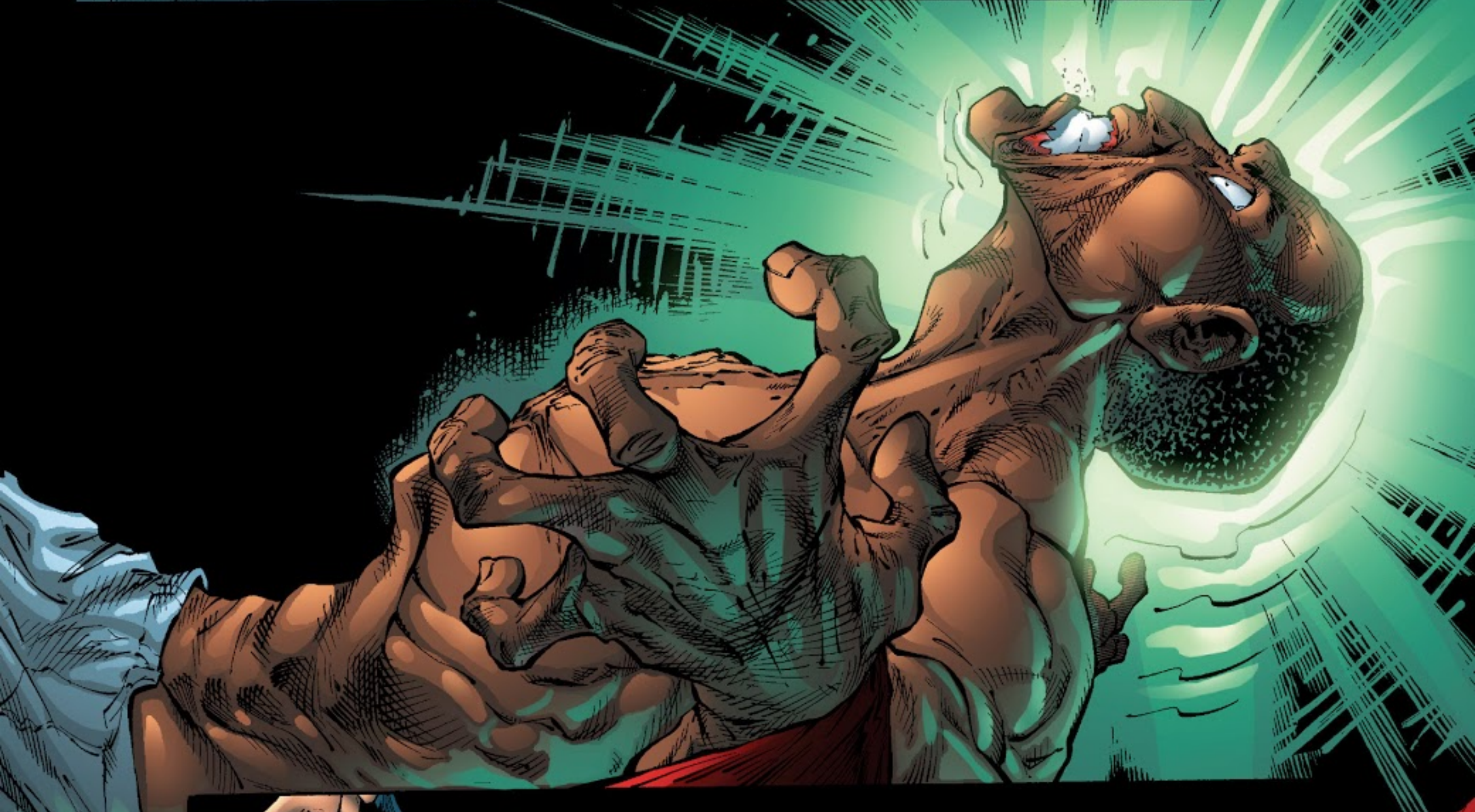


ALMOST
DONE.



THERE.







AAAHH!





THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.



AL... CAN YOU HEAR ME?



WHAT
THE
HELL
DID YOU
DO
TO ME?





I WAS TRYING TO HELP YOU.



I... I DIDN'T KNOW.



HELP ME? LOOK AT ME! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!



CHRIST, WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE LEFT ME ALONE?



I'M
SORRY.

SORRY?

YOU
HAVE
NO IDEA
WHAT
YOU'VE
DONE!

CAN'T YOU
SEE WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

OOF!

YOU'VE
DESTROYED
ME!



WOULDJA
LISTEN
TO THIS *DOPE*
NATTERING
ON AND
ON?

COME ON
J.W. LET'S BLOW
THIS *GIN JOINT*
BEFORE I'M
FORCED TO TAKE
A *DUMP* IN HIS
MOUTH.

ANYWAY, WE
TRUST YOU WILL
BE QUITE SATISFIED
WITH YOUR *NEW*
POSITION.

YOUR SECURITY
CLEARANCE WILL BE
UNDER REVIEW FOR THE
TIME BEING, OF COURSE,
BUT THAT'S JUST A
FORMALITY.

BEST OF
LUCK TO
YOU, MR. WYNN.
NO HARD
FEELINGS.

WHAT
A TEDIOUS
LITTLE
MAN.

NO KIDDING.
IT'S GONNA TAKE
A MONTH TO SCRUB THE
SMOOCH MARKS OFF
YOUR CABOOSE. SO PAL,
WHAT'S OUR NEXT
MOVE?

I IMAGINE
WE CAN DO
JUST ABOUT
ANYTHING
WE WANT.

GOOD
ANSWER,
JASON.



I THINK
THIS IS THE
BEGINNING OF
A BEAUTIFUL
FRIENDSHIP.



SPAWN



The shadows of the city hold a thousand secrets.
But only the wicked need fear the *mysterious*
midnight avenger known as...

THE SPAWN!

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST!

DOCTOR
VIOLATOR--
YOUR REIGN OF
TERROR ENDS
HERE AND
NOW!



TODD
(THE BOB)
McFARLANE
PRESENTS

BRIAN
(HOMBOY)
HOLGUIN
WRITER

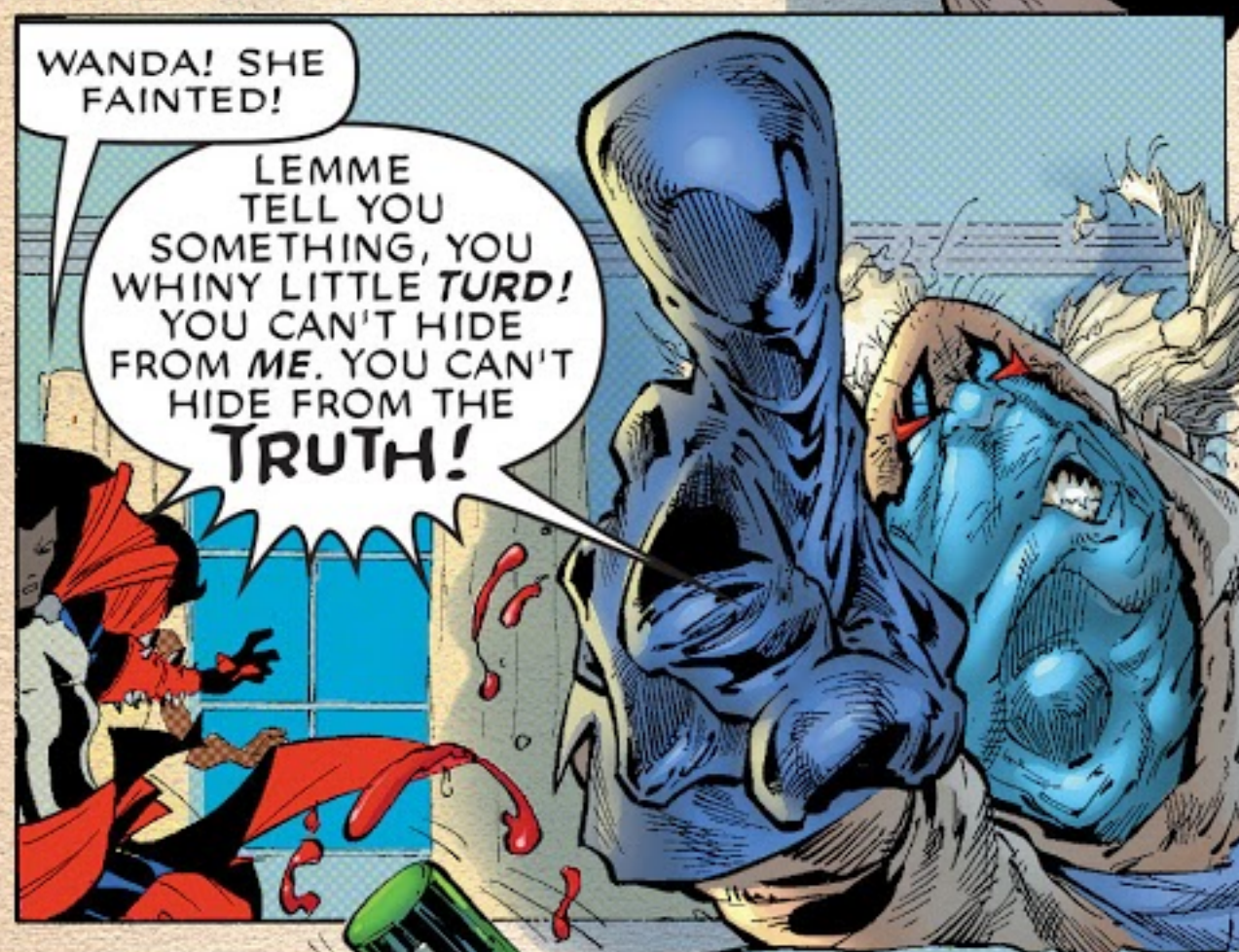
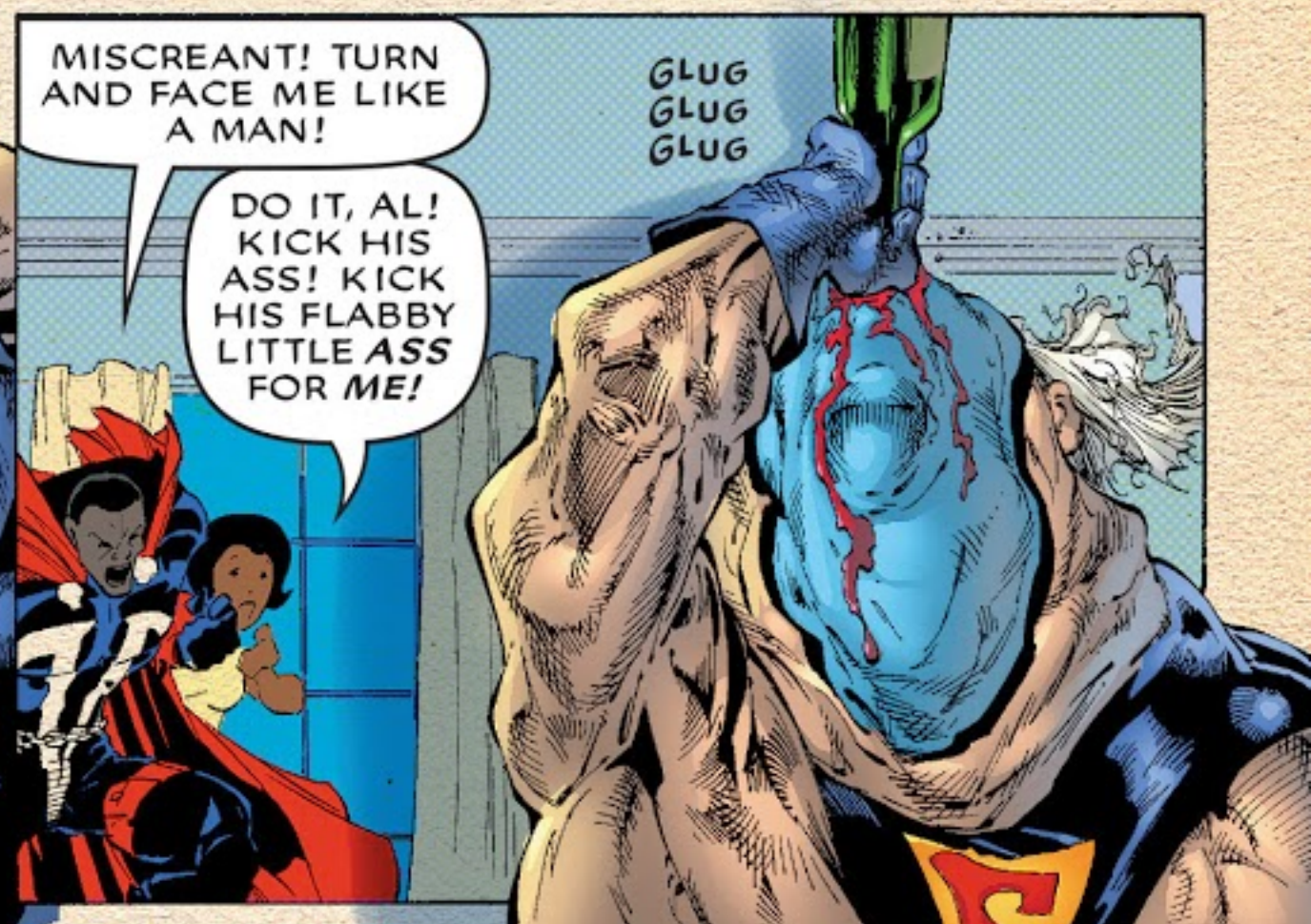
ANGEL
(BABY)
MEDINA
PENCILER

UNCANNY DANNY MIKI, INKER
DAN (MAIN MAN) KEMP, COLORIST
TOM (DA BOMB) ORZECOWSKI,
LETTERER

BRAD
(BLING-BLING)
GOULD
EDITOR









CHRIST...
WHERE AM
I? HOW'D I
GET HERE...?
NYX...?

I JUST
FOLLOWED
THE TRAIL OF
WRECKAGE. I
FOUND YOU
PASSED OUT IN
A DUMPSTER. I
THINK IT'S SAFE
TO SAY I'M NOT
GETTING MY
CLEANING
DEPOSIT
BACK.



OH, GOD.
THIS ISN'T A
DREAM, IS IT?
THIS IS REALLY
HAPPENING
TO ME...

BET YOU'RE
HUNGRY. YOU'VE
BEEN ASLEEP FOR
THREE DAYS.



YOU CAN
FRESHEN UP IN
THE BATHROOM. I
BOUGHT SOME **NEW
CLOTHES** FOR YOU.
HOPE THEY FIT.

FINE.

GEE, YOU'RE
WELCOME.

BITE
ME.



I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK.

OH, GOD. IT'S STILL INSIDE ME. I CAN FEEL IT, BUBBLING UP UNDER MY FLESH. THAT... THAT *THING* I USED TO BE.



IT'S SLITHERING AROUND INSIDE OF ME, JUST UNDER THE SURFACE.

WAITING TO BE LET OUT.



THIS IS WORSE THAN BEING DEAD.

THIS IS HELL.



NO!!



AL, ARE YOU OKAY?

OH YEAH. PEACHES AND CREAM.



SHOULD I MAKE YOU SOMETHING TO EAT?

LATER. I JUST LOST MY APPETITE.

OKAY.



I THINK I WANT TO GO FOR A WALK.



CENTRAL PARK.

HEY!
WAIT UP,
WILL
YOU?

KEEP
UP OR GO
HOME.

LISTEN...
I... I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU WERE
MARRIED. YOU
KNOW, THAT FIRST
NIGHT WHEN WE...
WELL YOU DIDN'T
HAVE A **RING** OR
ANYTHING. IF
I KNEW...



WANDA.

YEAH.
YOU KINDA
TALKED ABOUT
HER A LOT IN
YOUR SLEEP. I
CAN TAKE YOU TO
SEE HER IF YOU
WANT. *IS* THAT
WHAT YOU
WANT?



LIKE
THIS? NO.
I COULDN'T
DO THAT TO
HER. SHE
HAS... SHE HAS
A **FAMILY**
NOW. SHE HAS
A LIFE. SHE
DESERVES
BETTER
THAN ME.



LOOK, I REALLY DO
WANT TO HELP. I STILL DON'T
FULLY UNDERSTAND WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU.

I DO. FOR
MAYBE THE FIRST
TIME I UNDERSTAND
IT ALL. EVERY INCH OF
IT. I WAS A MAN. I WAS
A KILLER I WENT TO
HELL. I MADE
A DEAL.

I LIVED A
SECOND LIFE
AS A
MONSTER.

IN **BOTH** LIVES
I WAS MISERABLE
FAILURE. I'D TRY TO
MAKE THINGS BETTER,
I HONESTLY WOULD.
BUT MOST OF THE
TIME, EVERYTHING I
TOUCHED TURNED
TO **DUST**.

KING MIDAS
IN REVERSE,
THAT'S ME.



YOU WENT TO HELL? ARE YOU SPEAKING METAPHORICALLY?

LITERALLY. A COUPLE OF TIMES. HEAVEN, TOO. AT ONE POINT I HAD THE POWER OF A GOD. EVEN THEN I COULDN'T MANAGE TO DO AN OUNCE OF GOOD.

IT'S ALL FILLING MY HEAD NOW. ALL THE THINGS I HID FROM. ALL THE THINGS I BLOCKED OUT. I LET A LOT OF PEOPLE DOWN. I HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE.

NOW I'M AFRAID IF I TOUCH ANYTHING, IF I DO ANYTHING, I'LL DESTROY IT.

YOU DON'T HAVE A MAGIC SPELL OR POTION THAT COULD CHANGE ME INTO A GOOD PERSON, DO YOU?

I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS THAT. OR MAYBE IT'S SIMPLER. IN MY PRACTICE, WE BELIEVE THERE'S AN ORDER TO THE WORLD.

WHAT SEEMS GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL, WHAT SEEMS BAD AND UGLY, THEY ALL HAVE THEIR PLACE. LOOK AT THESE TREES.

THE ROOTS THAT BURROW IN THE DARKNESS ARE JUST AS IMPORTANT AS THE GREEN LEAVES THAT KISS THE SUNLIGHT. ONE CAN'T EXIST WITHOUT THE OTHER.

MAKE AMENDS FOR THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE. STOP ACTING OUT OF FEAR AND START ACTING OUT OF COURAGE.

THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

WHAT YOU MEAN?

THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT WORTH DOING. YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE, AL. TAKE IT.

MAKE AMENDS... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. YEAH. AND I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO START.

GOOD.

THE "GREENWORLD," HUH? YOU KNOW, I THINK I WENT THERE ONCE.

THERE'S AN EBB AND FLOW TO EVERYTHING. IF YOU FIGHT IT, IT FIGHTS YOU BACK, LIKE STRUGGLING AGAINST THE CURRENT.

BUT IF YOU JUST RELAX, LET IT FLOW THROUGH YOU, IT CAN MAKE MIRACLES HAPPEN. IT PUTS YOU IN A KIND OF STATE OF GRACE.

WE CALL IT THE GREENWORLD, THE PLACE WHERE ALL VITALITY COMES FROM. AND IT'S GOVERNED BY THE WORLD THE RULE OF THREE.

ANY PAIN YOU CAUSE WILL BE RETURNED THREEFOLD. BUT SO WILL ANY JOY. WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

THAT'S GREAT. I GUESS THERE'S A BUS-LOAD OF PAIN WITH MY NAME ON IT, HUH?

YOU HAVE TO STOP PITTING MISERY AGAINST MISERY. YOU SAY YOU HURT PEOPLE? YOU SAY YOU RUINED THINGS? SO...? MAKE THEM BETTER!



MR. WYNN.
WELCOME
BACK!

JASON,
YOU
LOOK
GREAT.

SO
GOOD TO
HAVE YOU
WITH US
AGAIN.

THANK
YOU. THANK
YOU ALL. IT'S
GOOD TO BE
BACK.



LISTEN,
IF YOU HAVE
ANY TROUBLE
GETTING UP
TO SPEED, MY
OFFICE IS
JUST DOWN
THE HALL.

THANK
YOU, FRANK.
I APPRECIATE
THAT.

HEY, TOOTS!
NICE RACK! YOU!
YOU CALL THAT A
TIE? TAKE A LITTLE
PRIDE IN YOUR
APPEARANCE.



WHOA. UH-UH,
HONEY. PINK JUST
AIN'T YOUR SHADE. AND
GET YOURSELF A
THIGH-MASTER WHILE
YOU'RE AT IT.

WHY
DON'TCHA
MEET ME IN
THE STORAGE
ROOM 'BOUT
FOUR
O'CLOCK? I'LL
GIVE YOU A
TOTAL
MAKEOVER.
HEAD TO TOE,
BABY. KNOW
WHAT I
MEAN?

HAVE
A GOOD
DAY,
JASON.

THANK
YOU, FRANK.
HELLO,
CARL.

GOOD
TO SEE YOU
BACK,
JASON.

COME ON,
PEOPLE! WE'RE
BURNING
DAYLIGHT HERE.
LET'S GET
BUSY!

YOU OVER
THERE! START
CARPET BOMBING
SOME **BABIES!** AND
YOU! GO RELEASE
SOME **ANTHRAX**
IN A SCHOOL-
YARD!



PICK UP
THAT PACE, KIDS!
EVIL! EVIL! EVIL!
SERIOUSLY, WHO DO
YOU HAVE TO *KILL* TO
GET SOMEONE
ASSASSINATED
AROUND HERE?!

YOU'RE
PATHETIC,
ALL OF YOU!
I'LL BE IN MY
OFFICE.



I'LL...
I'LL BE IN
MY
OFFICE.



WHOA!
CHECK IT OUT,
JAY. THEY GAVE
YOU THE FULL ON
PIMP SUITE! I'VE
SEEN THIRD
WORLD COUNTRIES
SMALLER THAN
THIS.

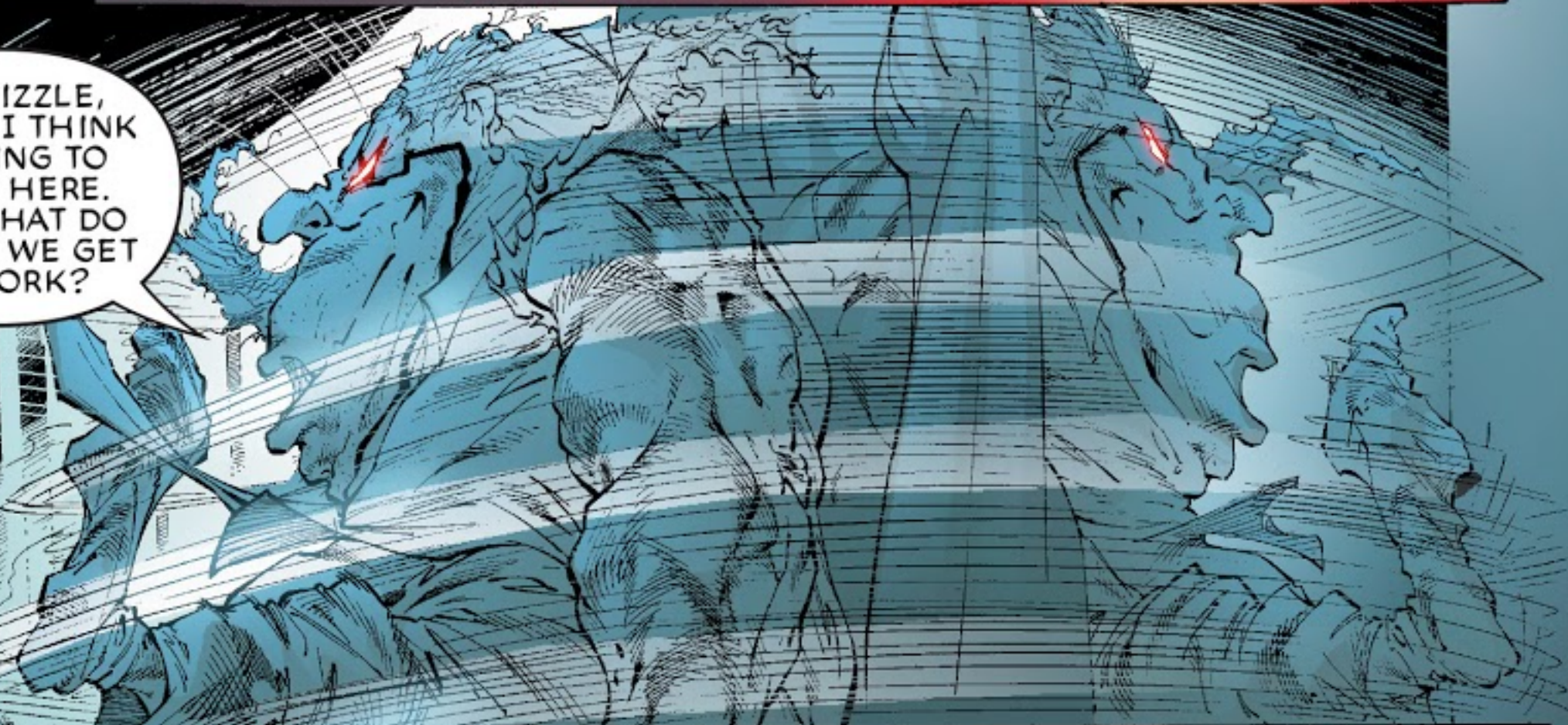
HEY,
THINK WE
CAN GET
PORN
ON THAT
TV?

NOT
BAD.



CERTAINLY
NICER THAN AN
EIGHT-FOOT
CUBICLE SMEARED
WITH YOUR OWN
FECES.

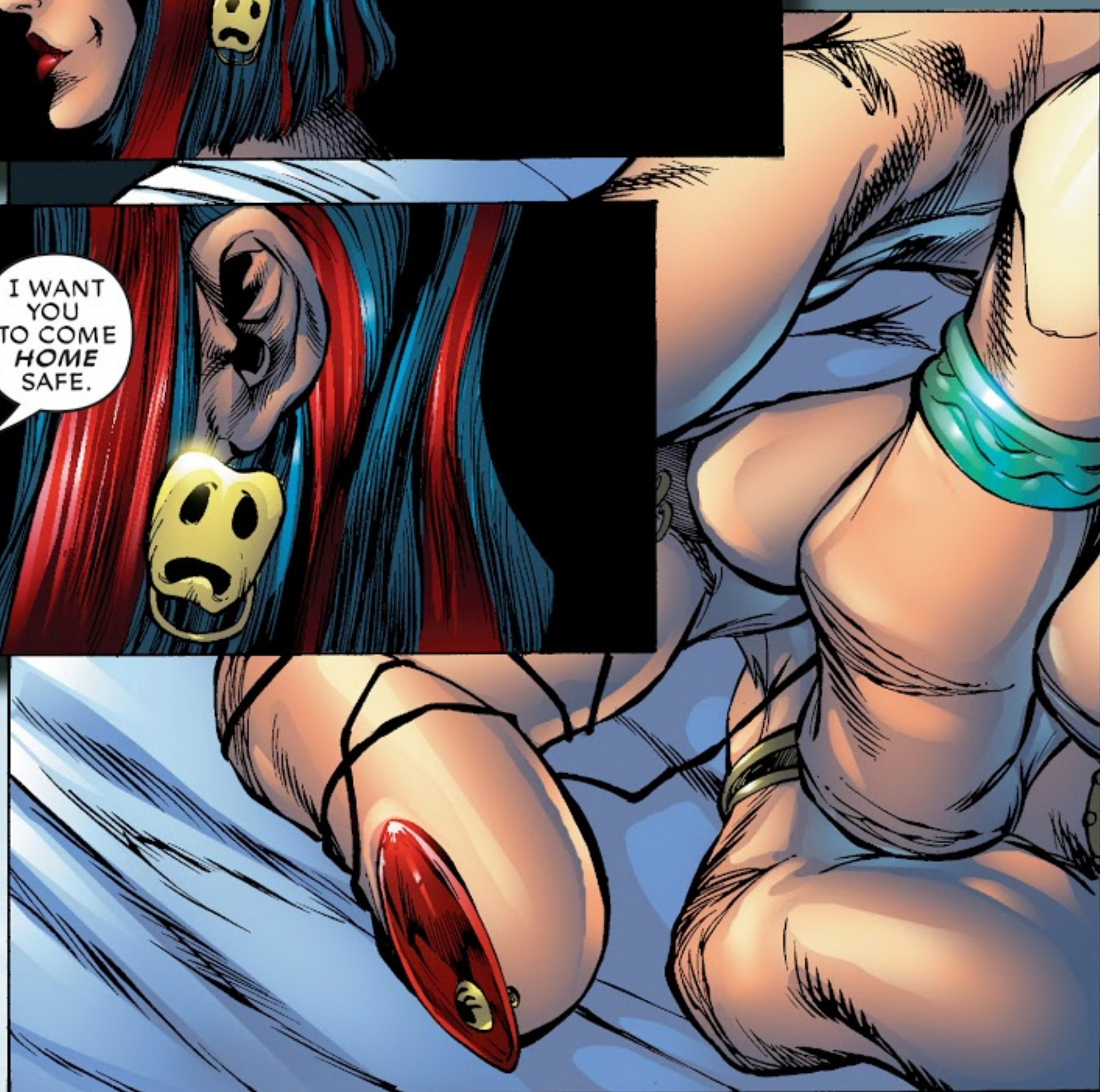
FO' SHIZZLE,
DIZZLE. I THINK
I'M GOING TO
LIKE IT HERE.
NOW, WHAT DO
YOU SAY WE GET
TO WORK?



BZZT.

YES, MR.
WYNN.

MARJORIE,
BRING ME
EVERYTHING IN
THE *SIMMONS*
FILE.



ALL RIGHT, AL. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH. CAN'T GO THROUGH LIFE BEING AFRAID OF YOUR OWN **SHADOW**.

TRUTH IS, EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME I BROUGHT ON MYSELF. NO ONE ELSE TO BLAME. SUCK IT UP AND BE A **SOLDIER**.

HELL, IT WAS THE ONLY THING I WAS EVER REALLY GOOD AT. THE ONLY THING THAT EVER TRULY MADE ME **PROUD**.

IT'D BE NICE TO FEEL A LITTLE **PRIDE** AGAIN.

WHAT WAS THE BIT FROM TENNYSON THAT THE OLD MAN LIKED SO MUCH?


"HALF A LEAGUE, HALF A LEAGUE, HALF A LEAGUE XXXONWARD... ALL IN THE VALLEY OF **DEATH** RODE THE SIX XXXHUNDRED...

"THEIR'S NOT TO MAKE REPLY, THEIR'S NOT TO REASON WHY, THEIR'S BUT TO **DO** AND **DIE**...

"INTO THE VALLEY OF **DEATH**...

BEING A SOLDIER MEANS LIVING BY A CODE. IT MEANS GIVING YOUR LIFE TO SOMETHING BIGGER THAN YOURSELF.

AND, MAYBE MORE THAN ANYTHING, IT MEANS NO MATTER HOW HARD THINGS GET, NO MATTER WHAT THE ODDS...



YOU NEVER LEAVE
ONE OF YOUR
OWN BEHIND.

THE ALLEYS... I SPENT
SO MUCH TIME HERE.

THERE'S A DARKNESS
TO THIS PLACE THAT'S
OLDER THAN THESE
BUILDINGS, MAYBE
OLDER THAN THIS CITY.

COG ALWAYS SAID THERE
WAS MORE TO THIS PLACE
THAN MEETS THE EYE. IT'S
LIKE IT HAS A LIFE OF ITS
OWN. IT FEEDS ON
DESPAIR, FUELED BY
MADNESS AND MISERY.

MAYBE THAT'S
WHY I FELT
SO AT HOME.

THOUGH I SUPPOSE
I SHOULD KNOW
BETTER THAN TO TRUST
WHAT COGLIOSTRO
SAID. I WONDER HOW
HE'S MANAGING
DOWN IN HELL.

LET THE
MISERABLE
BASTARD
HAVE IT.
THERE'S MORE
THAN ENOUGH
HELL HERE ON
EARTH TO
CONTENT
WITH.

I HAVE A
MISSION
TO FOCUS
ON.

KRUK

SHAAMBLE

KLRUMP

SKLISH

LOOKS LIKE
I HAVE
COMPANY.

TURN
BACK,
LITTLE
STRANGER
THIS IS
NO PLACE
FOR YOU.

THIS PLACE
BELONGS TO THE
UNWANTED.

IT
BELONGS
TO THE
BROKEN
THINGS.

THE
REFUSE.

THE
DISCARDED.

THE
ABANDONED.

NO
ONE
GETS
IN!

NO
ONE
GETS
OUT!

TURN
BACK
NOW.

I CAN'T.
I'VE COME TO
FETCH
SOMEONE.

TURN
AROUND
LITTLE THING.
THIS PLACE
WAS NOT
MADE FOR
YOU.

YOU ARE NOT
WELCOME.

YOU DO NOT
HAVE OUR
PERMISSION.

I'M NOT
TURNING
BACK.

AND I
DIDN'T ASK FOR
PERMISSION.



WHAT IS HE DOING?



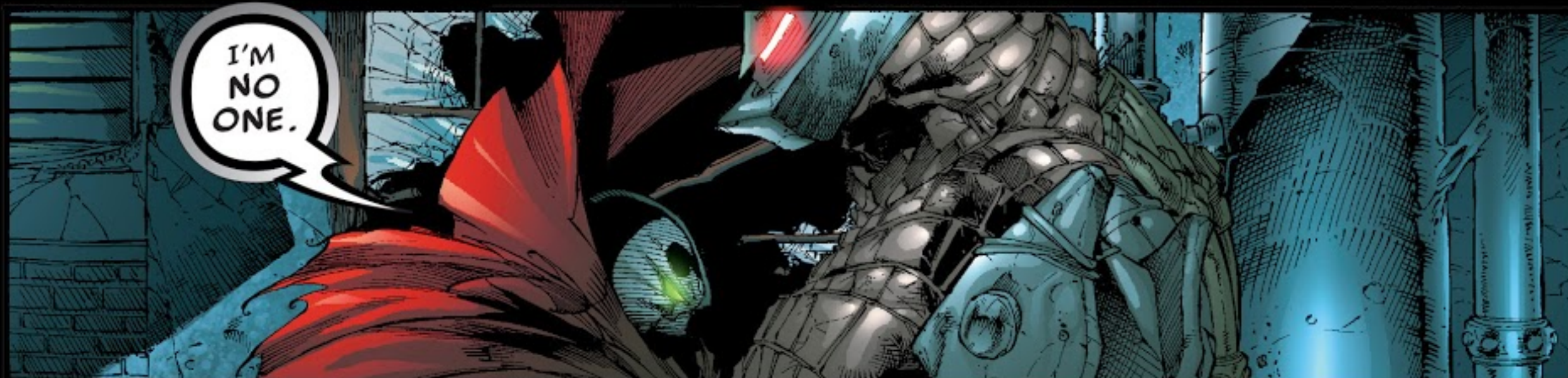
WHY WON'T HE TURN?

NO ONE GETS IN.



NO ONE GETS OUT.

WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?



I'M NO ONE.



NYX TOLD ME TO MAKE AMENDS.



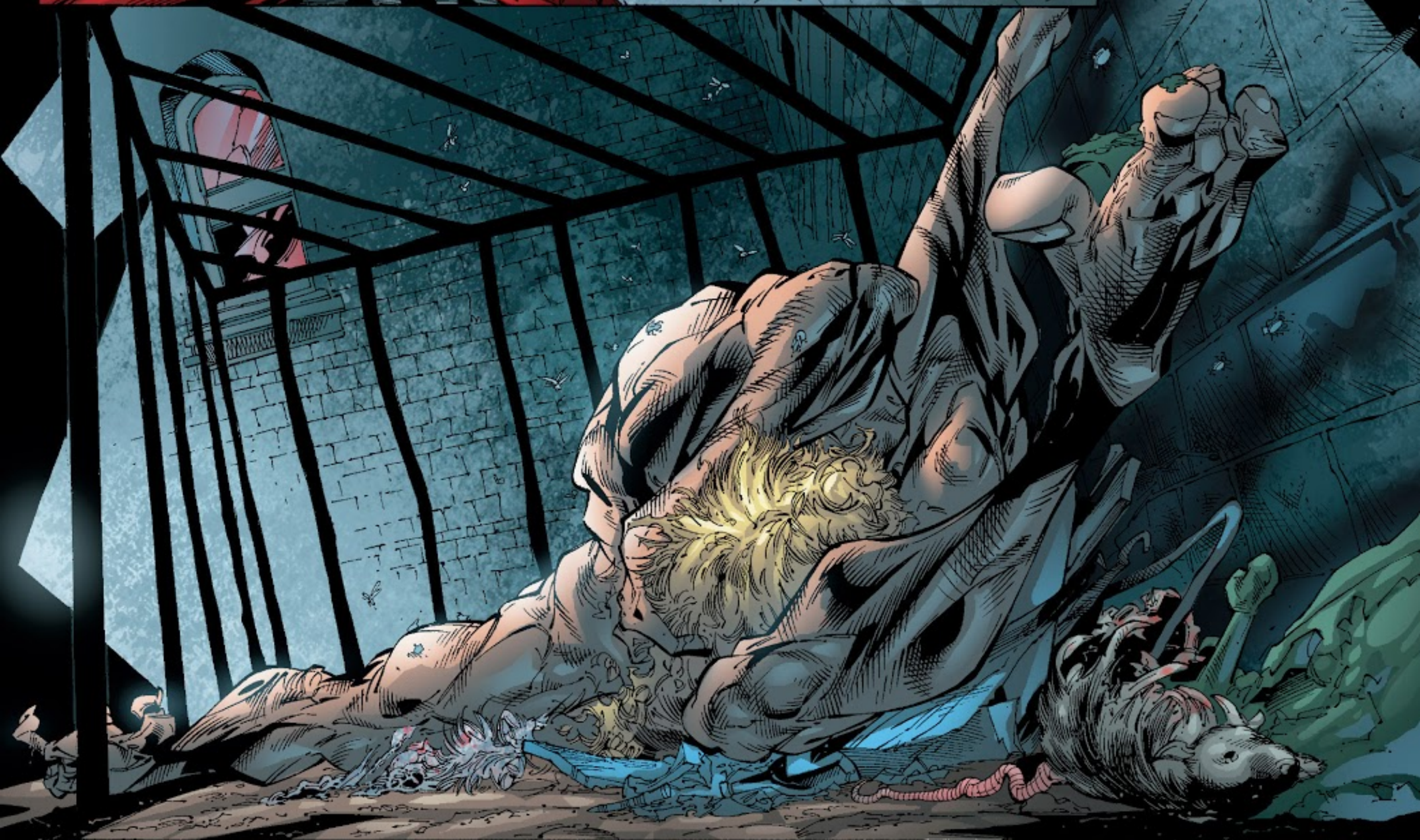


I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER PLACE TO START. I OWE THIS MAN MORE THAN I COULD EVER GIVE.

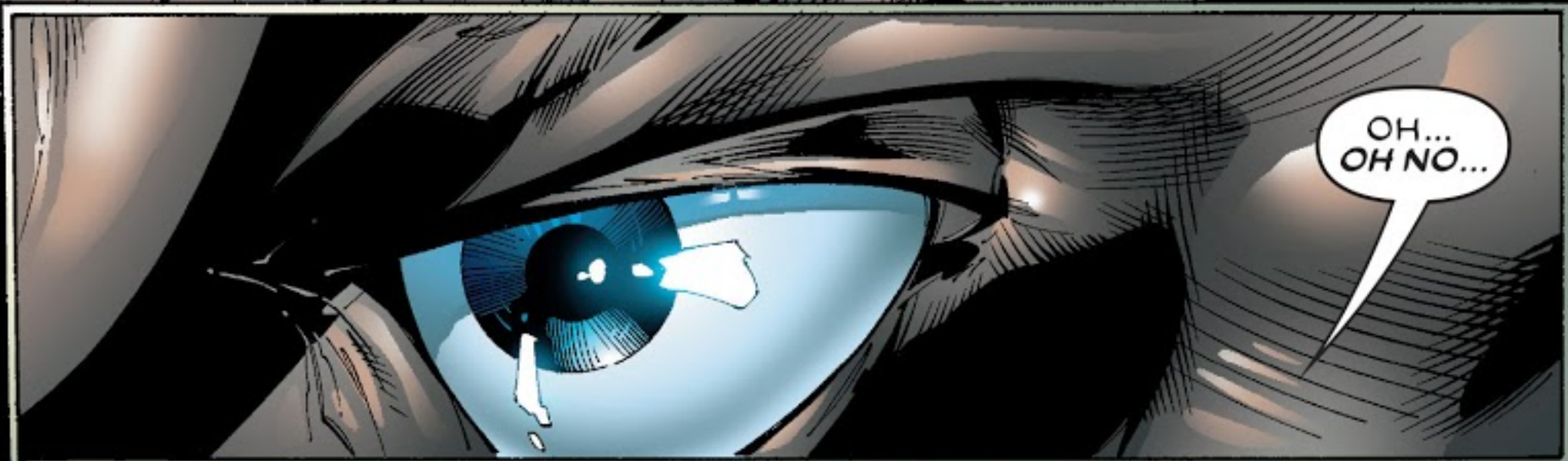


HE DESERVES BETTER THAN THE FATE I LEFT HIM TO.

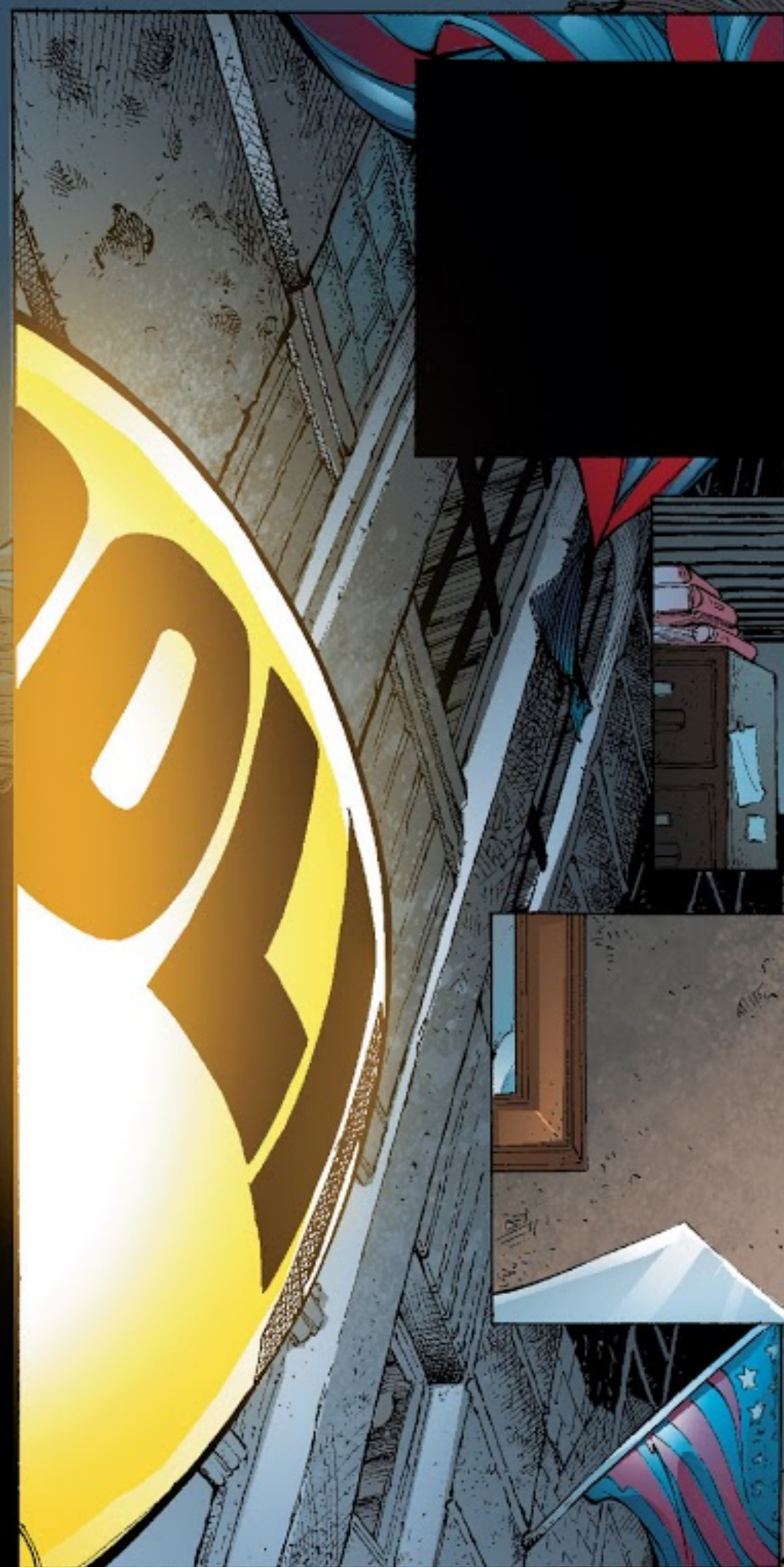
MAJOR FORSBURG. I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME, SIR.



WHAT... WHO'S THERE...?



OH... OH NO...



YOU
GOD DAMN
SON OF A
BITCH!



GRAVE ROBBERY

GRISELY ACT
COMMITTED ON
ANNIAL LOT

SHIFT IN ENTHASIS
1MV
BY WILLIAM BLY

NEW YORK - THE NORTH SIDE
COMMUNITY WAS SHOCKED BY
A THIEF

GRISELY
CRIME
UNDER
INVESTIGATION

BY
JASON
SAVVIES

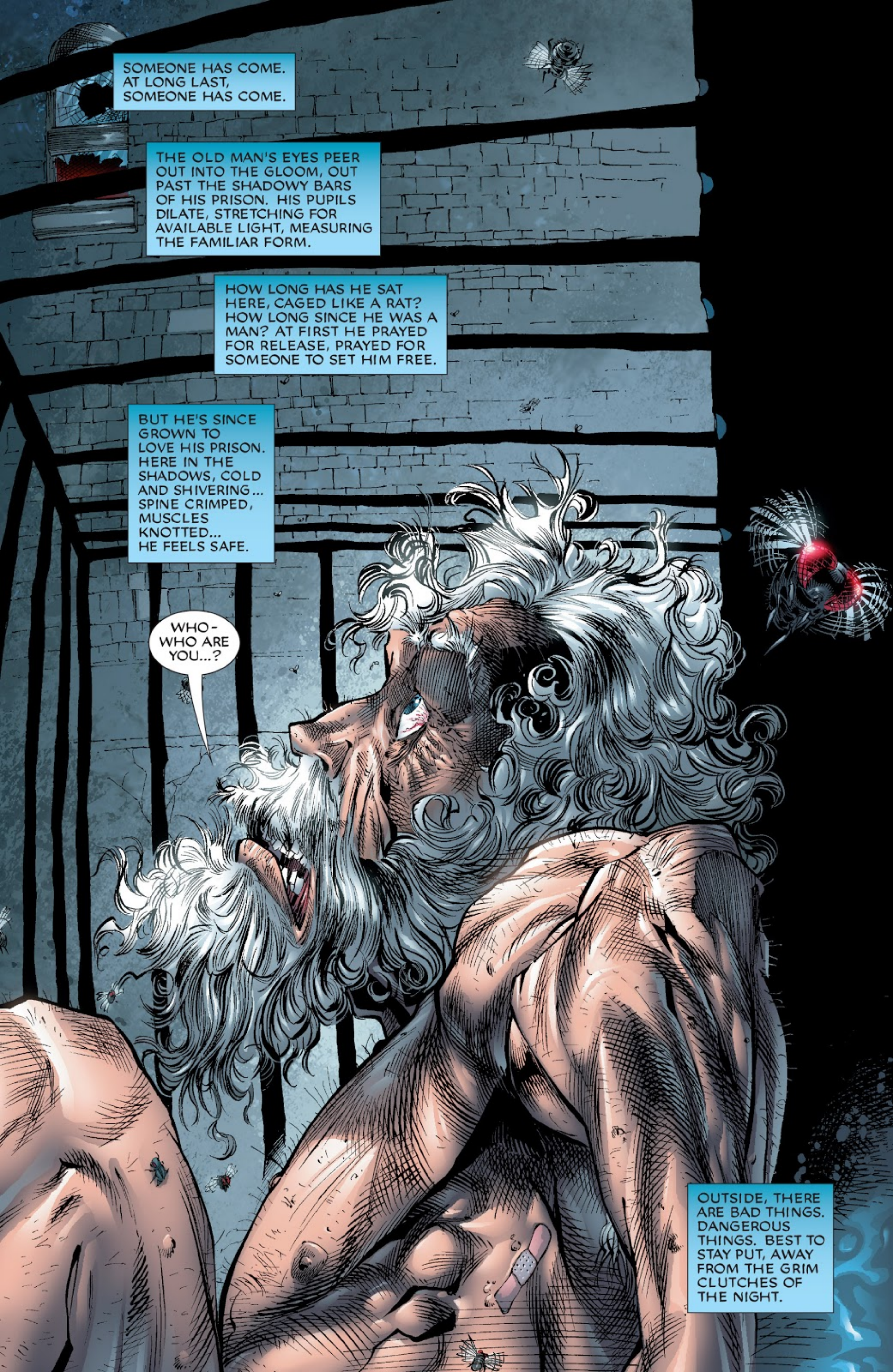
9PM THE MISTY IVESD EFSD JKL
ADDEFGHI JKLMN OP PQRS
INTERLABCEFG HIJ KLMNOPQRS



SPAWN



Capullo
02
Fanny
Miko
07



SOMEONE HAS COME.
AT LONG LAST,
SOMEONE HAS COME.

THE OLD MAN'S EYES PEER
OUT INTO THE GLOOM, OUT
PAST THE SHADOWY BARS
OF HIS PRISON. HIS PUPILS
DILATE, STRETCHING FOR
AVAILABLE LIGHT, MEASURING
THE FAMILIAR FORM.

HOW LONG HAS HE SAT
HERE, CAGED LIKE A RAT?
HOW LONG SINCE HE WAS A
MAN? AT FIRST HE PRAYED
FOR RELEASE, PRAYED FOR
SOMEONE TO SET HIM FREE.

BUT HE'S SINCE
GROWN TO
LOVE HIS PRISON.
HERE IN THE
SHADOWS, COLD
AND SHIVERING...
SPINE CRIMPED,
MUSCLES
KNOTTED...
HE FEELS SAFE.

WHO-
WHO ARE
YOU...?

OUTSIDE, THERE
ARE BAD THINGS.
DANGEROUS
THINGS. BEST TO
STAY PUT, AWAY
FROM THE GRIM
CLUTCHES OF
THE NIGHT.



AS SOON AS HE SPEAKS THE WORDS, THE CRIMSON DRAPED SOLDIER KNOWS IT IS A LIE. HE IS NOT "SIMMONS," NOT TRULY. AT THIS MOMENT HE IS SPAWN.

SIMMONS IS WITH HIM, OF COURSE. HIDDEN AWAY, JUST BELOW THE SURFACE. A GHOST INSIDE THIS FORM.

THEY ARE ONE IN THE SAME, YET THEY ARE SOMETHING MORE. TWO SIDES OF A PENNY. TWO FACES OF THE MOON.

IT'S SIMMONS, SIR. I'VE COME TO SET YOU FREE.

NO. PLEASE... GO AWAY... JUST LET ME BE...



IT'LL
BE ALL
RIGHT SIR.
TRUST
ME.

NO!
PLEASE! I
WANT TO
STAY.

NO ONE
GETS
OUT...

STOP! HE
BELONGS
TO US...

NO
ONE
GETS
IN...

IT FEELS GOOD TO
TEST HIS STRENGTH,
TO UNLEASH THE
VIOLENCE THAT SITS
COILED, COBRA-STILL,
INSIDE HIM EVERY
MOMENT.

THESE CREATURES
ARE MERE DETRITUS--
SHAMBLING FORMS
OF DEBRIS, RAG
AND BONE, FILTH
AND REFUSE.

GIVEN SHAPE AND PURPOSE
BY A MADMAN'S FEAR AND
THE STRANGE MAGIC OF
THESE ALLEYS.

HE'S NOT AS
STRONG AS HE
ONCE WAS.
SPAWN FEELS IT
REFLEXIVELY
THE INSTANT HE
LASHES OUT.

STILL, HE IS
STRONG ENOUGH.

IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
MAJOR. IT'S SAFE
TO COME OUT
NOW.



NO...NOT
SAFE! NEVER
SAFE!

SPAWN LOOKS AT FORSBURG
AND THINKS OF THE
SOLDIER HE ONCE KNEW.
A HERO. A MENTOR.

A FRIEND.

NOW HE BEHOLDS A
TREMULOUS OLD MAN
LOST IN HIS OWN
LUNACY, AND SPAWN
WONDERS, HOW COULD
I HAVE DONE THIS?



PLEASE...
DON'T LET
THEM TAKE
ME!


HE OWES THIS MAN
BETTER THAN THAT. HE
MUST MAKE AMENDS.

STOP! DON'T
TOUCH ME! DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?!



I'LL ONLY
DRAG YOU
UNDER!

SPAWN FEELS THE TIDE
OF MADNESS PULLING
AT HIM. THE NIGHT IS
SPLIT BY BLINDING
LIGHT AND THE WORLD
CRACKS IN TWO.



DISTANT FIRES SPIT BLACK
PLUMES OF SMOKE INTO
THE BLOODSTAINED SKY.

THE FLY-THICK AIR IS
REDOLENT WITH THE
STINK OF ROTTING
MEAT, TRACED WITH
THE SHARP TANG
CORDITE AND SULFUR.

HOLD
ON SIR!
I'VE GOT
YOU!

A MUTE CHOIR STARES
DOWN, GAZING WITH
DEAD, EMPTY SOCKETS.

WHEN A SOLDIER
DREAMS OF HELL,
THIS IS WHAT HE
SEES.

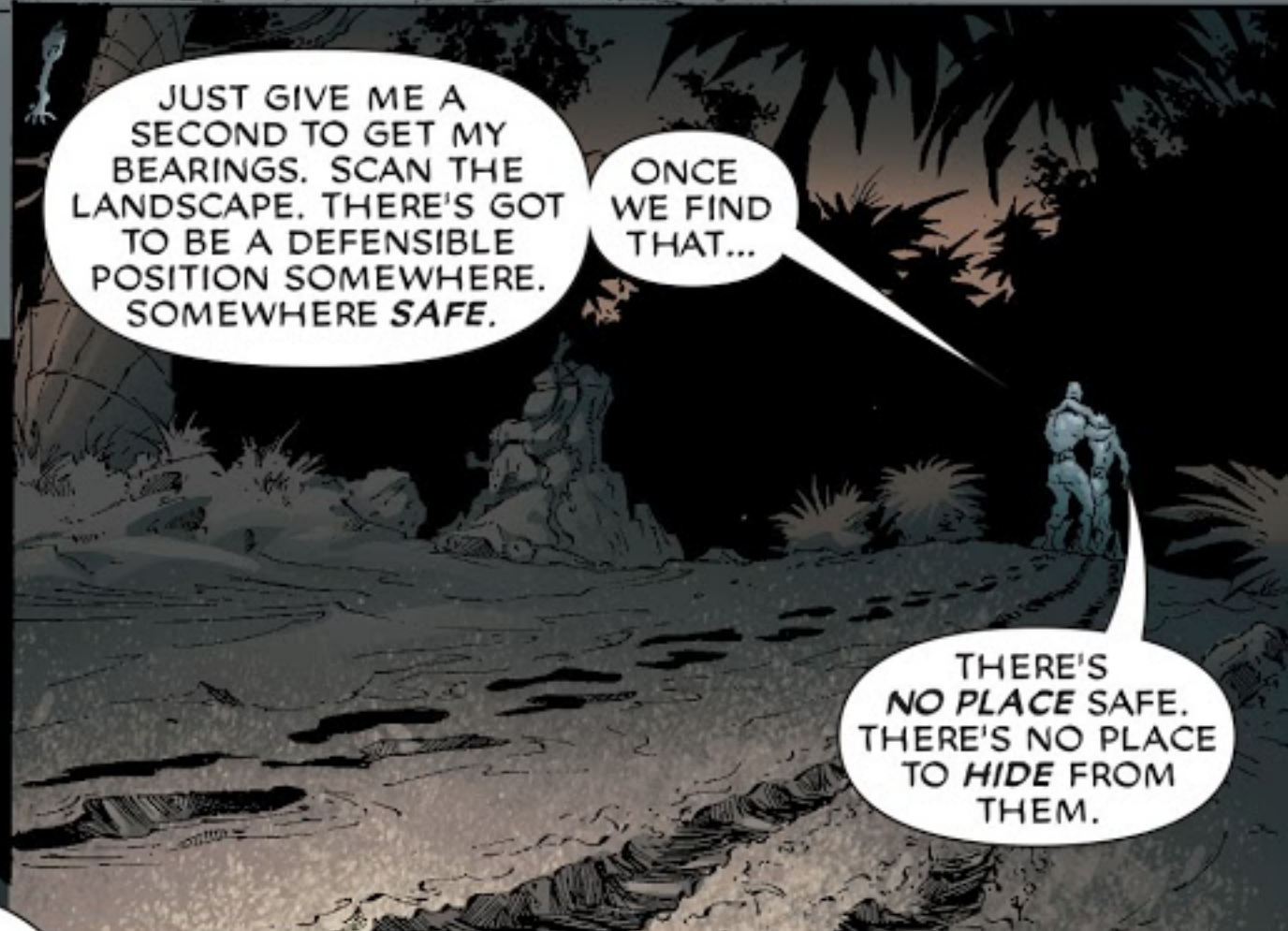


YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK, SIMMONS...YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT ME.

BULLSHIT! A SOLDIER NEVER LEAVES A BROTHER BEHIND. DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?



NO MAN'S LAND.



JUST GIVE ME A SECOND TO GET MY BEARINGS. SCAN THE LANDSCAPE. THERE'S GOT TO BE A DEFENSIBLE POSITION SOMEWHERE. SOMEWHERE SAFE.

ONCE WE FIND THAT...

THERE'S NO PLACE SAFE. THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE FROM THEM.



THEY'VE BEEN CHASING ME FOR... FOR SO LONG. I CAN'T SLEEP. I CAN'T EVEN SHUT MY EYES, OR THEY'LL COME FOR ME.



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK.

DON'T WORRY, SIR. WHATEVER THIS PLACE IS, WE'RE BOTH GETTING OUT ALIVE. YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT!

Skritch!



UNGH!
A TRAP!

SIR,
ARE YOU
OKAY?

NO!

GOD
FORGIVE
ME. IT'S TOO
LATE, AL.

THEY'VE
FOUND
US.

THEY RISE
OUT OF THE
HARD CLAY OF
THE EARTH
LIKE FLESHY
MARIONETTES,
CARRION LIMBS
SPRAYED,
FINGERS
CLUTCHING
AND GRABBING.

JAWBONES HINGE OPEN
AND HEADS ARE TOSSED
BACK, APPROXIMATING
A BIRTH CRY. BUT NO
SOUND COMES.

NO SOUND BUT
THE WIND RUSTLING
THROUGH RIBCAGES
AND THE FAINT,
INSECT-LIKE CLICKING
OF BONE ON BONE.



BLAM!

**BLAM!
BLAAM!**

DAMN
IT! IT'S
NOT
STOPPING
THEM.

RUN!

A
BRIDGE!

I...I CAN'T
RUN ANYMORE.
TOO OLD...TOO
TIRED...

DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT IT.
I'VE GOT
YOU.

JUST
HOPE THIS
SON OF BITCH
HOLDS.

HANG ON!
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE.

MADE IT.
JUST ONE MORE
SECOND...

SLAASH



AAAAH!
IT'S GOT
ME!

HOLD
TIGHT,
SIR.
DON'T
LET
GO!

PLEASE,
AL! DON'T
LET THEM
TAKE ME.
DON'T LET
THEM
TAKE ME
ALIVE!

I DON'T
WANT
TO BE
ONE OF
THEM!

TUCK
YOUR HEAD
DOWN AND
HANG ON!

KRAK

KLAK

THUNK!

SNAP!

WHAT THE HELL WERE THOSE THINGS?!

DEATH...
ARMIES OF
DEATH AND
HATRED...

WE'RE SAFE FOR
THE MOMENT. WE'LL FIND
SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT,
THEN PLAN OUR NEXT
MOVE.

NO.
NOT SAFE.
NEVER
SAFE.

JESUS
CHRIST!

BOYS WHO LOST THEIR
LIVES BEFORE THEY
COULD EVEN BEGIN TO
IMAGINE THEIR WORTH.

THEY ARE THE
DISCARDED, WRETCHED
BONES BENEATH THE
FOUNDATIONS OF THE
WORLD, HATEFUL OF A
LIFE THEY CAN NO
LONGER POSSESS.

THEY TEEM
LIKE ANTS,
MOVING IN
RAGGED FILES,
THE LOST
SOLDIERS OF
COUNTLESS
WARS.

DRIVEN TO MADNESS AND
DESPAIR IN TRENCHES OF
THE SOMME, IN THE JUNGLES
OF CAMBODIA, ON THE
SANDS OF NORMANDY, AND
THE ALLEYS OF DRESDEN.

DEEP IN HIS HEART
EVERY SOLDIER KNOWS:
WAR IS HELL.

AND HELL IS A WAR.

I CAN'T...
I CAN'T LET THEM
TAKE ME. I DON'T
WANT TO BE **ONE OF**
THEM. FACELESS...
INHUMAN... WITHOUT AN
OUNCE OF GRACE OR
DIGNITY...

I WANT
TO DIE AS
A MAN,
AL.

IT'S ME
THEY WANT.
DON'T LET
IT COME TO
THAT.

TAKE
THE
GUN.

NO. I
CAN'T. I
WON'T.

FINISH
ME OFF, SON.
THAT'S AN
ORDER

NO...
I DIDN'T
COME
BACK JUST
TO...

I SAID
THAT'S AN
ORDER!

PLEASE,
SIR... THERE
MUST BE
ANOTHER
WAY...

SOLDIER!
DISCHARGE
YOU
WEAPON!
NOW!

FORGIVE
ME.

BLAM





Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volley'd and Thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

-Alfred Lord Tennyson
"The Charge of the Light Brigade"



SPAWN





AL'S STORY.

UM...
EXCUSE ME
MISS. WHEN
YOU GET A
MOMENT?

OH JEEZ. HEY,
I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T
SEE YOU THERE.

THAT'S
OKAY. I
GET A LOT
OF THAT
LATELY.

COME
ON, WANDA.
SHOW US THE
RING!

OOH!
LOOK AT
THAT.

THAT'S
BEAUTIFUL,
WANDA!

LUCKY
GIRL!

DIDN'T THIS
PLACE USED TO BE
MIGNOLA'S?

YEAH, I THINK
SO. BUT THAT WAS
YEARS AGO. BEFORE MY
TIME. ANYWAY, WHAT
CAN I GET YOU?

JUST A
COFFEE.
THANKS.

SO WHAT NOW?
WE GOTTA GO TO THE
CAN TOGETHER? WHAT
ARE WE, WOMEN?

WHAT
CAN I
SAY? MY
MAN'S GOT
TASTE.

CALL OF
NATURE, BUD.
WHAT CAN I
SAY?

OKAY, BIG
SPENDER. YOU
GOT IT.

YOU SEE THAT LITTLE
REDHEAD? SHE WENT TO
COLLEGE WITH WANDA. SHE'S
SINGLE. YOU OUGHTA GO IN
FOR THE KILL, TERRY.

THANKS FOR
THE TIP, AL. YOU
ALWAYS WERE A HELL
A OF WING MAN. SO
LISTEN, WHEN ARE YOU
GOING TO HAND IN
YOUR NOTICE?

NOTICE?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?

YOU
KNOW. TO
WYNN.

WHY
WOULD I
HAND IN MY
NOTICE? I
AIN'T GOING
NOWHERE.

COME ON,
BUD. GET SERIOUS.
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE
A WIFE PRETTY SOON.
AND PROBABLY A KID.
FIELD AGENT AIN'T
NO JOB FOR A
FAMILY MAN.

WITH YOUR
RECORD, YOU COULD
GET YOURSELF A NICE
CUSHY DESK JOB IN THE
INTEL DIVISION, ONE
WHERE YOU ACTUALLY
GET LIFE INSURANCE
AND REGULAR
VACATIONS.

NAH. FORGET IT. NOTHING'S GOING TO CHANGE.

BUT ISN'T THAT THE POINT OF MARRIAGE? TO CHANGE EVERYTHING? I MEAN IF NOT, WHY DO IT? IT'S ONE THING TO PUT YOURSELF AT RISK...

WHY THE SERMON NOW, TERRY? WANDA PUT YOU UP TO THIS?

WHAT? NO! I BROUGHT IT UP 'CAUSE I'M YOUR FRIEND.

WELL, FRIEND, I DON'T NEED A LECTURE FROM YOU. IF YOU'RE NOT MAN ENOUGH TO PUT YOUR ASS ON THE LINE, I MEAN *REALLY* PUT IT ON THE LINE, THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS.

ME, I LIKE MY JOB AND I'M GOOD AT IT. I'M MAKING THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

THERE'S LOTS OF WAYS TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE. RAISING A FAMILY IS ONE OF THEM.

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK, "BEST MAN?" I THINK YOU'RE SICK OF STANDING IN MY *SHADOW*.

I THINK YOU WANT ME TO GO *SOFT* SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO FEEL SO BAD ABOUT NOT HAVING THE *BALLS* TO GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY.

THAT'S A PRETTY CONVENIENT THEORY YOU GOT THERE, AL. BUT I THINK THE TRUTH IS A LOT SIMPLER THAN THAT. I THINK MAYBE YOU JUST LIKE *HURTING* PEOPLE.

NAH. YOU'RE WRONG, TERRY. I DON'T *LIKE* HURTING PEOPLE.

THWAM!

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? I DON'T *MIND* IT EITHER.



HEY,
THERE'S MY
BABY.

HI,
SWEETIE.
SO YOU SURE
YOU WANT TO GO
THROUGH WITH
THIS?

NO
DOUBTS.
I'M IN FOR
THE LONG
HAUL, BABY.
TILL DEATH
DO US
PART.

JUST PROMISE
YOU
WON'T DIE
BEFORE
I DO.

HA! IT'S
A *DEAL*.
CROSS MY
HEART.



BABY, YOU'RE
BLEEDING. WHAT
HAPPENED?

OH, JUST
ME AND TERRY
ROUGHHOUSING.
YOU KNOW, BOYS
WILL BE BOYS
AND ALL.

TERRY
FITZGERALD!
ARE YOU
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS? AND
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE THE
SENSIBLE
ONE.

YEAH,
WELL...
SORRY.

WE'LL GET
OVER HERE,
MISTER. I WANT A
PICTURE OF THE
THREE OF US.



ONE...
TWO...
THREE...





HEY, SWEETIE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?

JUST GOING THROUGH SOME OLD PHOTOS AND STUFF. FROM BEFORE YOU WERE BORN.

WHO'S THAT? WITH YOU AND DADDY?

THAT... THAT'S MY... WELL, HE WAS MY FIRST HUSBAND.

OH. D-I-V-O-R-C-E?

NO. HE DIED ACTUALLY.

THAT'S S-A-D. DOES DADDY KNOW?

YEAH, HE KNOWS. THEY WERE BEST FRIENDS IN FACT. BUT THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

DID YOU HAVE ANY KIDS?

NO, SWEETIE. WE DIDN'T.

YOU'RE LEAVING? YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO GO? AT A TIME LIKE THIS? HOW COULD YOU?

I TOLD YOU WHY. I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE. THIS CAN'T WAIT.

WHY CAN'T WYNN SEND SOMEONE ELSE?

NO ONE ELSE IS AS GOOD AS ME. IN THE FUTURE I'LL SEE IF WE CAN'T ARRANGE WORLD CRISES TO FIT YOUR SCHEDULE.

THERE'S A CRISIS IN THIS HOUSE IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED. SO DON'T PUT THIS ON YOUR JOB. THE JOB YOU KEEP PROMISING TO QUIT.

YOU AND ME... WHAT WE WENT THROUGH WAS A CRISIS. A LOSS. YOU KNOW THEY WOULD SEND SOMEONE ELSE IF YOU TOLD THEM. DON'T YOU CARE? DON'T YOU FEEL ANYTHING?

HOW DARE YOU? DON'T THROW THAT ON ME. THAT WAS MY BABY TOO! DON'T TELL ME WHAT I FEEL.

STOP IT! YOU'RE HURTING ME!





MAYBE I DON'T HAVE THE LUXURY OF SITTING AROUND FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF, BLAMING THE WORLD FOR MY PROBLEMS. BUT DON'T YOU DARE TELL ME I DON'T *FEEL*.



I DON'T BLAME THE WORLD, AL...

I BLAME YOU.



NO! DON'T PUT THIS ON ME, WANDA!



YOU KNOW WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID. THESE THINGS CAN JUST HAPPEN. IT'S JUST PART OF NATURE. IT'S SAD, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. IT'S NOT BECAUSE I... BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED--

BECAUSE YOU HIT ME?

THAT'S NOT THE REASON IT HAPPENED AND YOU KNOW IT!

THE DOCTOR SAID WE COULDN'T KNOW WHY! WE'LL NEVER KNOW FOR SURE.

GO TO HELL!



NO! YOU GO TO HELL, AL. YOU GO TO HELL!



OH GOD... PLEASE...



YOU NEVER CAME HOME...



EXCUSE ME, MR. FITZGERALD. WILL YOU BE NEEDING ANYTHING ELSE THIS EVENING.

NO, JOYCE. YOU GO HOME NOW. I'M JUST GOING TO FINISH UP ON SOME PAPERWORK.

THANK YOU, MR. FITZGERALD. GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT.



TERRY!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE,
HANDSOME?

PICKING YOU UP.
AL CALLED ME. HE'S
TIED UP, YOU KNOW,
WITH WORK.

≥SIGH≤
THAT *HUSBAND*
OF MINE. WELL, IF
HE'S GOING TO *NEGLECT*
ME, I MIGHT AS WELL
SPEND SOME MORE
OF HIS *MONEY*.

TELL ME,
TERRY. HOW
DO YOU FEEL
ABOUT *SHOE*
SHOPPING?

UH... I...
LIKE SHOE
SHOPPING?



GOOD
ANSWER,
FITZGERALD.



I MUST SAY, YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO CLEAN OUT A SHOE STORE. SO HOW MUCH DID YOU HIT HIM FOR?

HERE'S THE RECEIPT.

WOW. YOU REALLY KNOW TO HURT A GUY.

WHAT CAN I SAY? I'M VICIOUS WHEN I WANT TO BE.



WELL, LET ME GET LUNCH AT LEAST.

UH-UH. THIS ONE IS ON OUR ABSENT FRIEND.



WANDA, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARM?



NOTHING. I WAS REACHING FOR SOMETHING ON THE TOP SHELF AND I SLIPPED AND... IT LOOKS WORSE THAN IT IS.

COME ON, LET'S GO. IT'S STARTING TO RAIN.



JEEZ. IT'S REALLY COMING DOWN.



JUST MAKE SURE MY GUCCI SUEDES STAY NICE AND DRY, WILL YA?



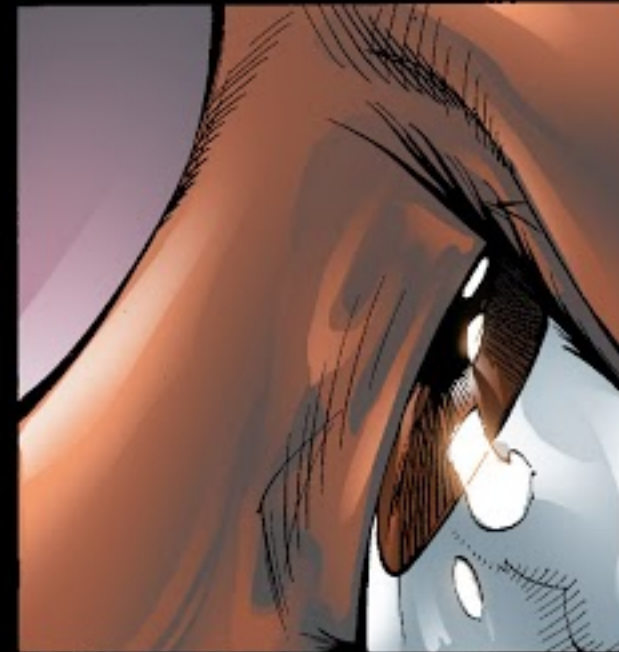
LISTEN...
ARE YOU SURE
EVERYTHING'S
OKAY?



YEAH.
EVERYTHING'S
PEACHY-
KEEN.



BUT I
APPRECIATE
YOUR
CONCERN.



WANDA ...



YEAH...?



I SWEAR
TO GOD, IF
YOU WEREN'T
HIS GIRL...

BUT
I AM.
I AM HIS
GIRL.



AND
YOU'RE HIS
BEST FRIEND.
AND WE'RE ALL
GOING TO
KNOW EACH
OTHER FOR THE
REST OF OUR
LIVES.



WANDA! WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?
COME BACK! WANDA,
I'M SORRY.

I HAVE
TO -- I'LL TAKE
A CAB.

BUT WHAT
ABOUT...?



WANDA ...









TO: Dept. Management
FROM: Terry Fitzgerald
I hereby give notice of my resignation, effective
Sincerely,
Terry Fitzgerald.



SPAWN



Capu/13

SPAWN
Mik



WELL...
IF EVERYONE
IS HERE WE CAN,
UM, PROCEED.
IS THIS
EVERYONE?

YES,
JASON.
WERE YOU
EXPECTING
SOMEONE
ELSE?

SOMEONE
ELSE?
NO. NO... OF
COURSE
NOT.

THEN
WHY DON'T
YOU GET
STARTED. WE'RE
ALL BUSY
MEN.

YES. OF
COURSE.

MARJORIE,
COULD YOU HIT
THE LIGHTS,
PLEASE?

LT. COLONEL
ALBERT FRANCIS SIMMONS:
WAR HERO, MODEL SOLDIER,
GOVERNMENT AGENT.

AS AN OPERATIVE
HE WAS DRIVEN, FOCUSED,
IMAGINATIVE, HAD AN EYE FOR
DETAIL AND A NEAR SUPER-HUMAN
THRESHOLD FOR PAIN AND
DISCOMFORT.

HE ALSO HAD
ONE PARTICULARLY
USEFUL PSYCHOLOGICAL
TRAIT--THE ABILITY TO
RATIONALIZE HIS
ACTIONS UNDER ANY
CIRCUMSTANCE.

WRAP A
MISSION UP
IN RED, WHITE
AND BLUE
AND YOU COULD
CONVINCE HIM
TO DO
VIRTUALLY
ANYTHING.

SIMMONS
PERFORMED MANY
HIGH-RISK MISSIONS
FOR THE COMPANY
UNDER MY SUPERVISION.
HIGHLIGHTS ARE
INCLUDED
IN YOUR BRIEFING
PACKET.

TEN YEARS AGO,
SIMMONS IS
KILLED ON THE
JOB, HIS BODY
BURNED NEARLY
BEYOND
RECOGNITION.

DESPITE MY VERY
BEST EFFORTS,
WE NEVER
ASCERTAINED THE
IDENTITY OR
MOTIVE OF THE
ASSASSIN.

SIMMONS LEFT
BEHIND A WIDOW,
WANDA. THEY HAD
NO CHILDREN.
ROUTINE
SURVEILLANCE
SUGGESTED
MARITAL PROBLEMS
STEMMING FROM
SIMMONS'S JOB.

WANDA LATER REMARRIED,
WEDDING SIMMONS'S FORMER
BEST FRIEND, TERRY FITZGERALD,
WHO WORKED FOR THE COMPANY
IN RESEARCH AND ANALYSIS.

THEY HAVE THREE
CHILDREN. FITZGERALD
RECENTLY RESIGNED
HIS POSITION. HE DID
NOT GIVE A REASON
FOR LEAVING.

I SUSPECT
THE FACT THAT
SIMMONS'S CORPSE WAS
RECENTLY REMOVED
FROM ITS GRAVE
FACTORED INTO THE
DECISION.

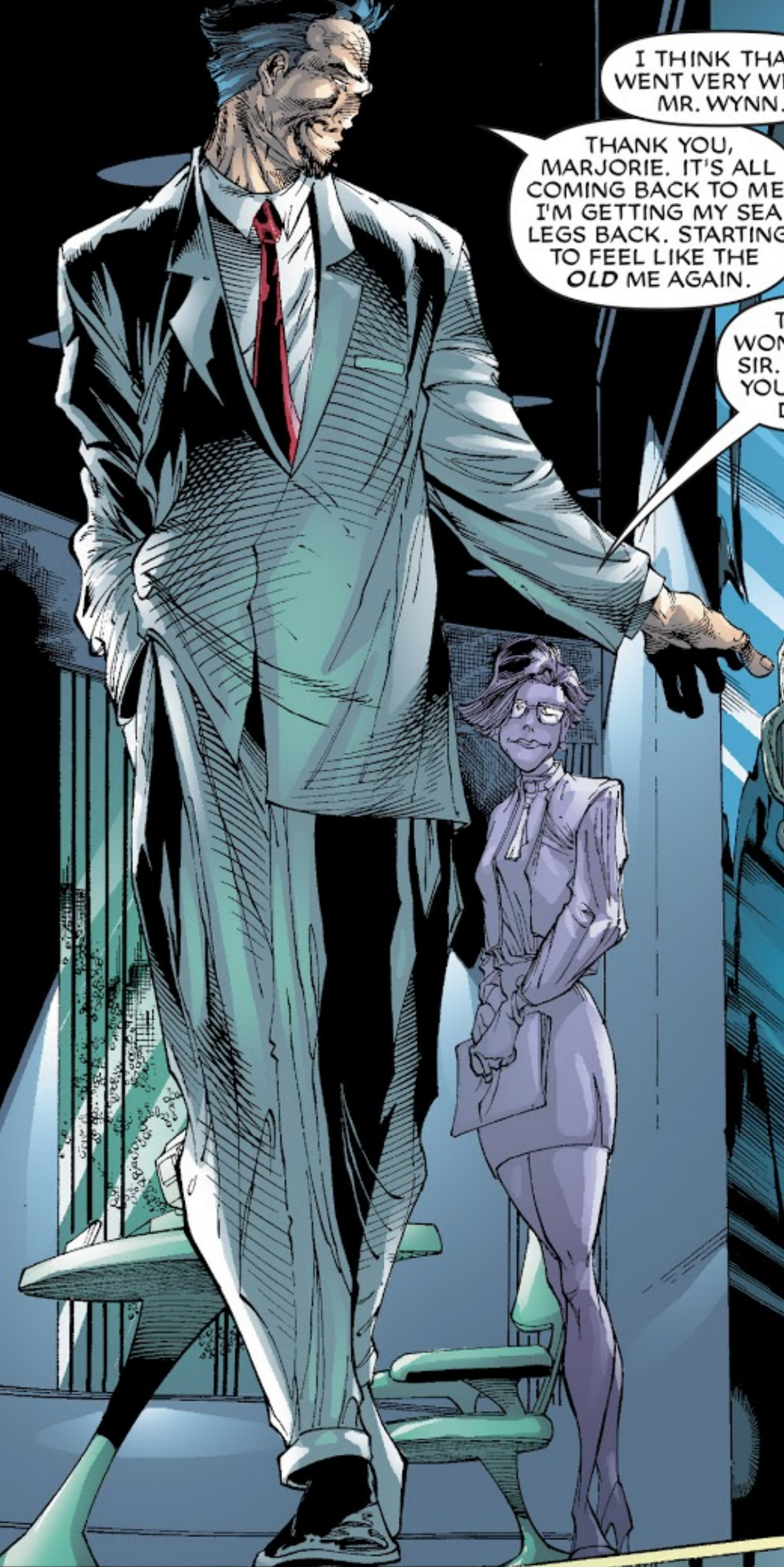
IT CAN BE
TOUGH ON A
MARRIAGE WHEN
THE PAST WON'T
STAY BURIED.

THE
QUESTION,
OF COURSE, IS
WHO WOULD DIG
UP THE REMAINS OF
A DEAD AGENT AND
WHY? WAS SOME-
THING BURIED
WITH HIM?

WAS
IT REALLY
SIMMONS'S BODY
IN THAT GRAVE?
WHATEVER THE
MOTIVE, IT CAN'T
BE GOOD FOR
NATIONAL
SECURITY.

I SUGGEST A FULL
INVESTIGATION, CAREFULLY
GOING OVER SIMMONS'S RECORD,
RESEARCHING HIS ALLIES
AND ENEMIES.

THIS WILL REQUIRE
A CONSIDERABLE OUTLAY
OF FUNDS, COMPLETELY
UNDER MY DISCRETION. AND
I SUGGEST WE KEEP A
CLOSE EYE ON THE
FITZGERALDS...



I THINK THAT WENT VERY WELL, MR. WYNN.

THANK YOU, MARJORIE. IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME. I'M GETTING MY SEA LEGS BACK. STARTING TO FEEL LIKE THE OLD ME AGAIN.

THAT'S WONDERFUL, SIR. I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT.



HOW'D YOUR LITTLE POW-WOW GO THERE, CHIEF? FEELIN' GOOD ABOUT YOURSELF?

YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT I AM.

BUSINESS AS USUAL, IS IT? CLIMBING THE LADDER, SWIMMING WITH SHARKS. STARTING TO THINK YOU CAN DO THIS WITHOUT ME, HUH?

I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING OF THE--

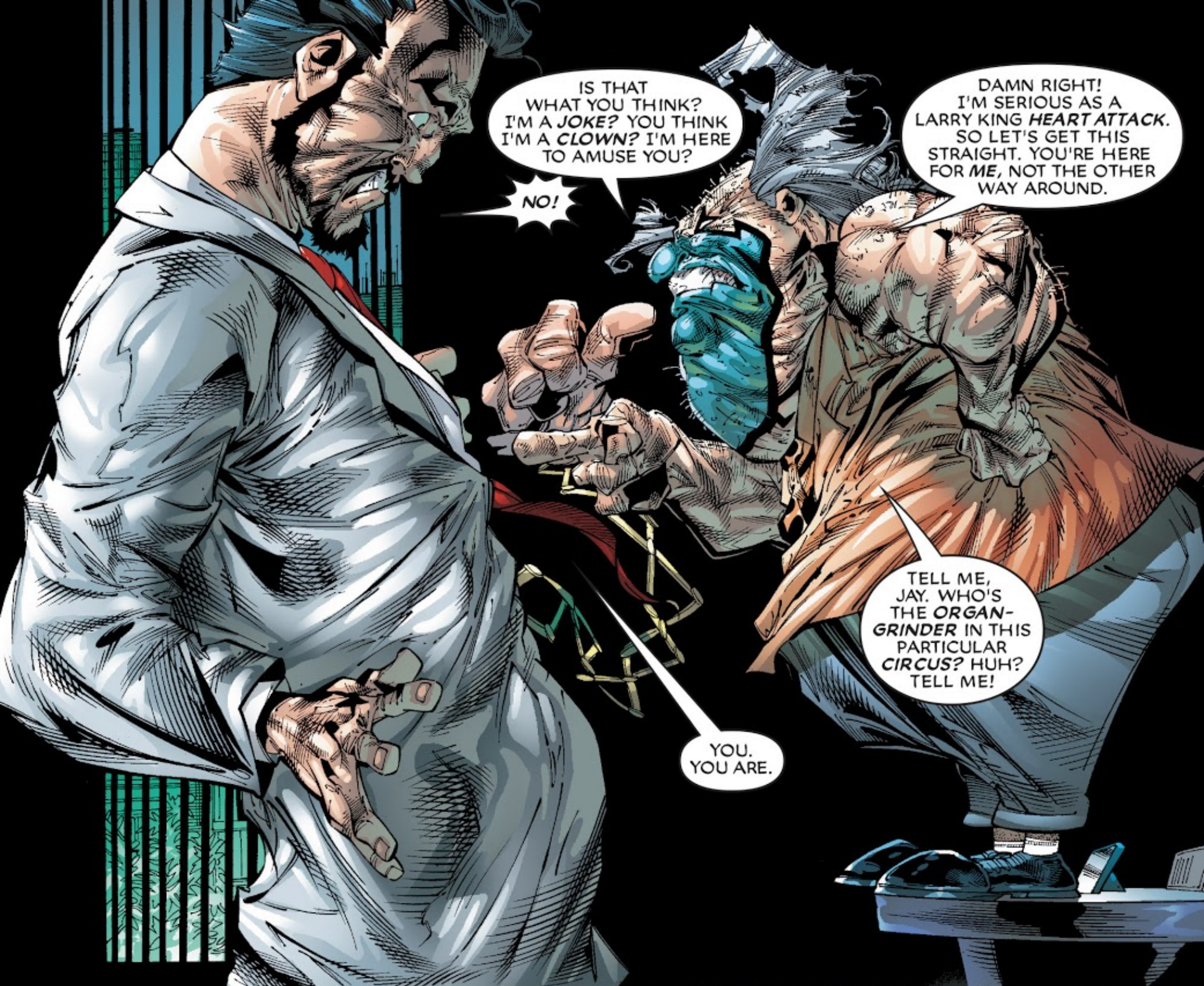


NO. NO. THAT'S OKAY. I MEAN YOU REALLY DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN ME, DO YOU? AFTER ALL, YOU WERE STUCK IN A MENTAL WARD FOR LONG STRETCH THERE.

A LITTLE RESIDUAL PSYCHOSIS MANIFESTING ITSELF AS A FOUR-FOOT CIRCUS CLOWN WITH QUESTIONABLE HYGIENE, THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED.

PROBABLY CLEAR UP EASILY ENOUGH, NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK IN THE SWING OF THINGS.





IS THAT
WHAT YOU THINK?
I'M A *JOKE*? YOU THINK
I'M A *CLOWN*? I'M HERE
TO AMUSE YOU?

NO!

DAMN RIGHT!
I'M SERIOUS AS A
LARRY KING *HEART ATTACK*.
SO LET'S GET THIS
STRAIGHT. YOU'RE HERE
FOR *ME*, NOT THE OTHER
WAY AROUND.

TELL ME,
JAY. WHO'S
THE *ORGAN-GRINDER* IN THIS
PARTICULAR
CIRCUS? HUH?
TELL ME!

YOU.
YOU ARE.

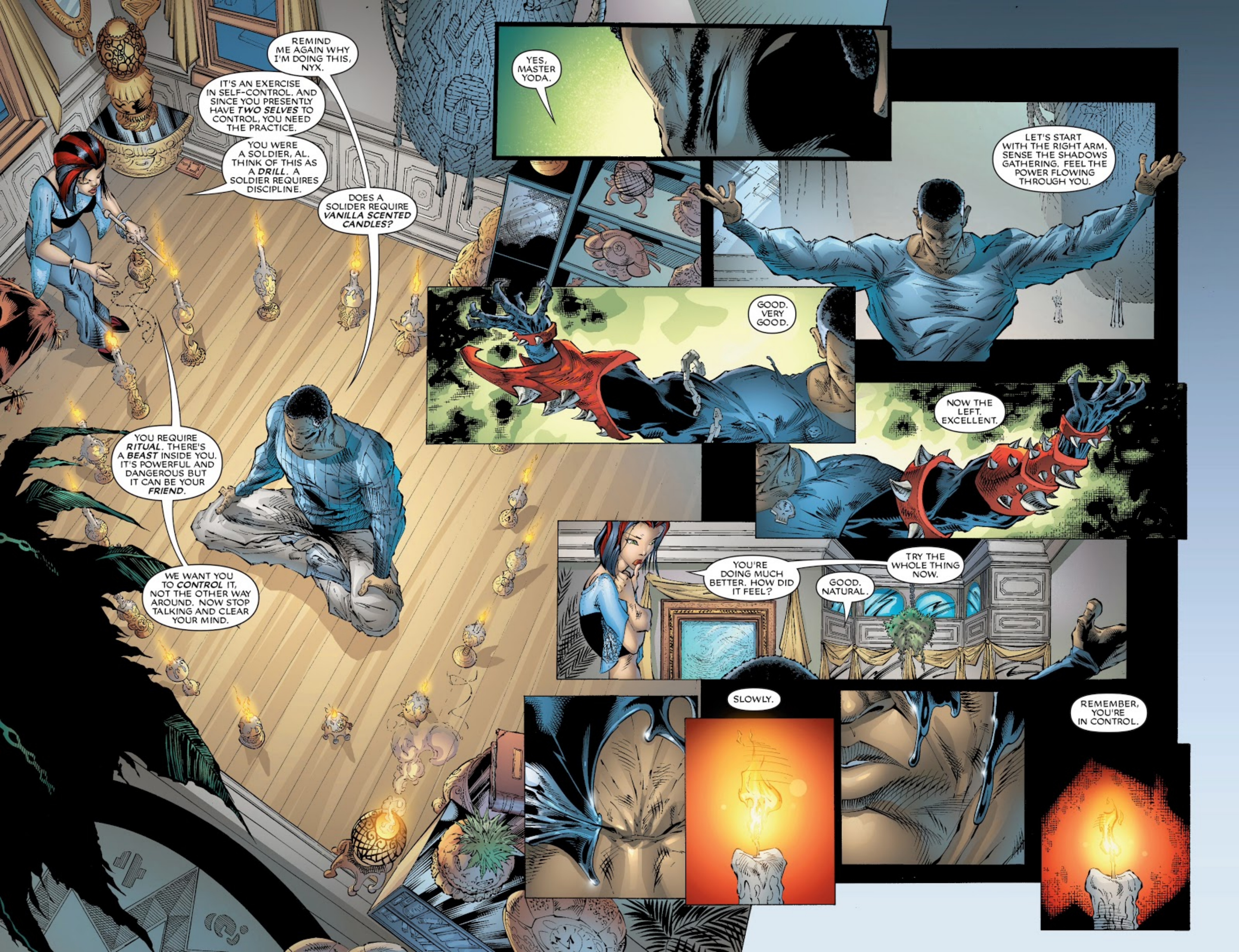
THAT'S RIGHT.
AND WHAT DOES
THAT MAKE YOU?
COME ON, I WANNA
HEAR YOU SAY IT.
WHAT DOES THAT
MAKE YOU?



THE
MONKEY.
I'M THE
MONKEY.



THAT'S
RIGHT. GOOD
MONKEY.
WANNA
COOKIE?



REMINDE
ME AGAIN WHY
I'M DOING THIS,
NYX.

IT'S AN EXERCISE
IN SELF-CONTROL. AND
SINCE YOU PRESENTLY
HAVE *TWO SELVES* TO
CONTROL, YOU NEED
THE PRACTICE.

YOU WERE
A SOLDIER, AL.
THINK OF THIS AS
A *DRILL*. A
SOLDIER REQUIRES
DISCIPLINE.

DOES A
SOLDIER REQUIRE
VANILLA SCENTED
CANDLES?

YOU REQUIRE
RITUAL. THERE'S
A *BEAST* INSIDE YOU.
IT'S POWERFUL AND
DANGEROUS BUT
IT CAN BE YOUR
FRIEND.

WE WANT YOU
TO *CONTROL* IT,
NOT THE OTHER WAY
AROUND. NOW STOP
TALKING AND CLEAR
YOUR MIND.

YES,
MASTER
YODA.

LET'S START
WITH THE RIGHT ARM.
SENSE THE SHADOWS
GATHERING. FEEL THE
POWER FLOWING
THROUGH YOU.

GOOD.
VERY GOOD.

NOW THE
LEFT.
EXCELLENT.


YOU'RE
DOING MUCH
BETTER. HOW DID
IT FEEL?

GOOD.
NATURAL.

TRY THE
WHOLE THING
NOW.

SLOWLY.

REMEMBER,
YOU'RE
IN CONTROL.




I CAN FEEL
IT WASHING OVER
ME. LIKE AN OCEAN
BREAKING ON THE
BEACH.

THE
VOLUME
ON MY
SENSES HAS
JUST BEEN
TURNED
WAY UP.

YEAH. IT'S
GOTTEN **DARKER**.
COLDER TOO. IT SEEMS
YOUR POWER DOESN'T
JUST AFFECT YOU. IT
AFFECTS YOUR
ENVIRONMENT
SOMEHOW.

STAY IN
CONTROL. LET
IT HAPPEN, INCH
BY INCH. KEEP
THAT IMAGE OF
THE **OCEAN** IN
YOUR MIND.

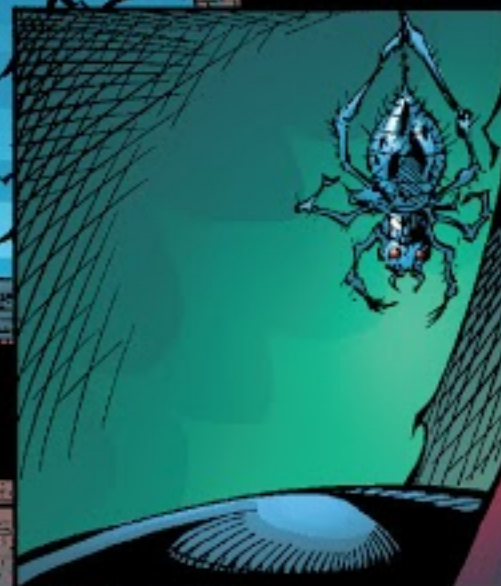
POWER
IS LIKE A
CURRENT.
THERE'S AND
EBB AND
FLOW
TO--



SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING IN THE
ROOM, ISN'T IT?

HOLD
ON.

WHAT
IS IT?





WE'RE
NOT ALONE.
THERE'S SOMEONE
ELSE HERE. NO.
SOMETHING
ELSE.

WHAT
IS IT, LITTLE
FRIEND?

IT'S A
SPIDER,
AL.

IS IT
COMMUNICATING
TO YOU?

AL,
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
WHAT DO
YOU SEE?

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE
WHAT I SEE. IT'S LIKE A DARK
KALEIDOSCOPE. A SECRET WINDOW
INTO EVERY SHADOWED CORNER
OF THE CITY.

SCENES OF PAIN
AND DESPERATION.
A SHIFTING PAGEANT
OF SINS:

WRATH.

ENVY.

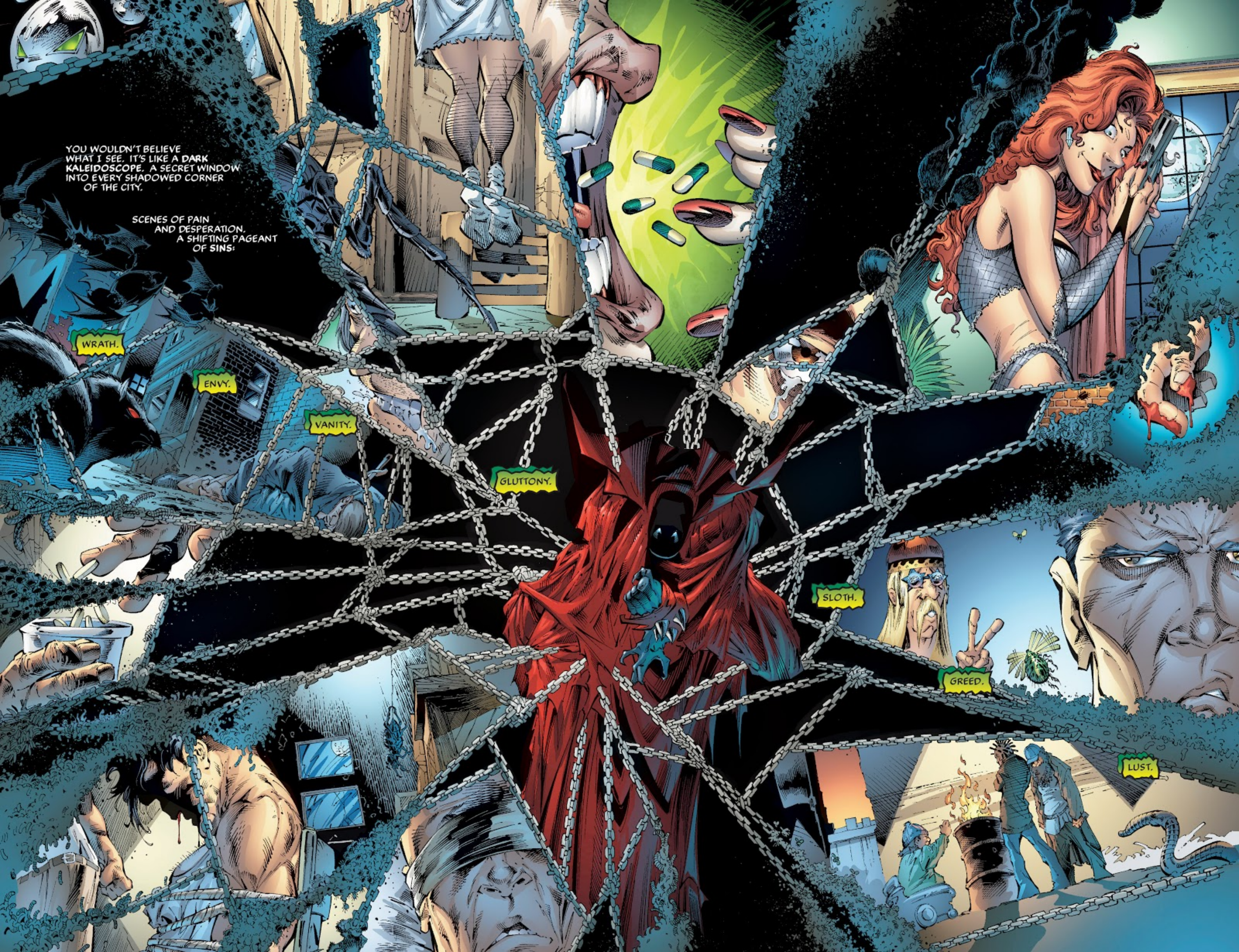
VANITY.

GLUTTONY.

SLOTH.

GREED.

LUST.





IT'S LIKE
THERE'S A SECRET
NETWORK OF
UNSEEN WITNESSES.
A BEETLE ON THE
FLOORBOARDS
OR A FLY ON
THE WALL.

SOMEHOW I'M
TAPPED INTO IT ALL. BUT
IT'S TOO MUCH. IT'S TOO
OVERWHELMING.

THAT'S
AMAZING. THAT'S
THE CHTHONIC
IMPULSE. IT'S LIKE THE
DARK SIDE OF THE
GREEN WORLD, THE
HIDDEN UNDERBELLY
OF NATURE.

YOU SEEM
TO HAVE A
NATURAL AFFINITY
WITH IT.

NOW
LET'S TRY
THE *OTHER*
THING WE
TALKED
ABOUT.



FEEL
YOURSELF
CHANGING.



VERY
GOOD.



DON'T FORCE
IT. JUST LET IT
HAPPEN.





SAM, I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I'M CERTAIN OF IT. THE MISSING CORPSE...THE JOHN DOE WHO WALKED OUT OF LOCK UP THAT NIGHT... SPAWN...

THEY'RE ALL THE SAME GUY, DON'T YOU GET IT?

NO I DON'T GET IT. I MEAN I GET IT, BUT I JUST DON'T "GET IT" GET IT. HOW WOULD THAT EVEN BE POSSIBLE? YOU'RE SAYING AL SIMMONS IS ALIVE?

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M SAYING. AND I MEAN TO FIND HIM.

LISTEN, TWITCH. WE'RE IN OVER OUR HEADS ON THIS ONE. YOU WANNA LEAVE THIS TO THE FEDS.

I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS *BLACK OPS* OR *BLACK MAGIC*, BUT IT'S ABOVE OUR PAY GRADE. THERE'S JURISDICTION TO CONSIDER THERE'S CHAIN OF COMMAND.

REMEMBER, BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, YOU'RE A COP. A GOOD COP.

NO, SAM. BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, I'M A FATHER.

...WELL,
YOUR AGENCY
COMES HIGHLY
RECOMMENDED. BOTH
FOR YOUR SELECTION
AND YOUR DISCRETION.
I'M SURE WE
UNDERSTAND EACH
OTHER.

YES, AS
A MATTER
OF FACT, I
DO HAVE A
SPECIFIC "TYPE"
IN MIND. A
BLACK GIRL.
YOUNG, BUT
NOT TOO
YOUNG.

AND
BEAUTIFUL,
BUT I'M SURE
THAT GOES
WITHOUT SAYING.
AND **CLASSY**.
CORPORATE TYPE.
NONE OF THAT
"GHETTO CHIC"
I SEE ON THE
TELEVISION.

OH, AND ONE
LAST THING. I WANT HER
TO ANSWER TO THE NAME
"WANDA." THAT'S
WONDERFUL.

THANK YOU.
YOU'VE BEEN
MOST HELPFUL.
YES, I'M SURE I
WILL *ENJOY*
MYSELF.
GOODBYE.



ALL SET,
STUD?

YES. EVERYTHING
IS ARRANGED.

THIS'LL BE GOOD FOR
YOU, MONKEY. I MEAN, HOW
LONG WERE YOU LOCKED UP IN
THAT LITTLE CAGE? HEALTHY
SPECIMEN LIKE YOU.

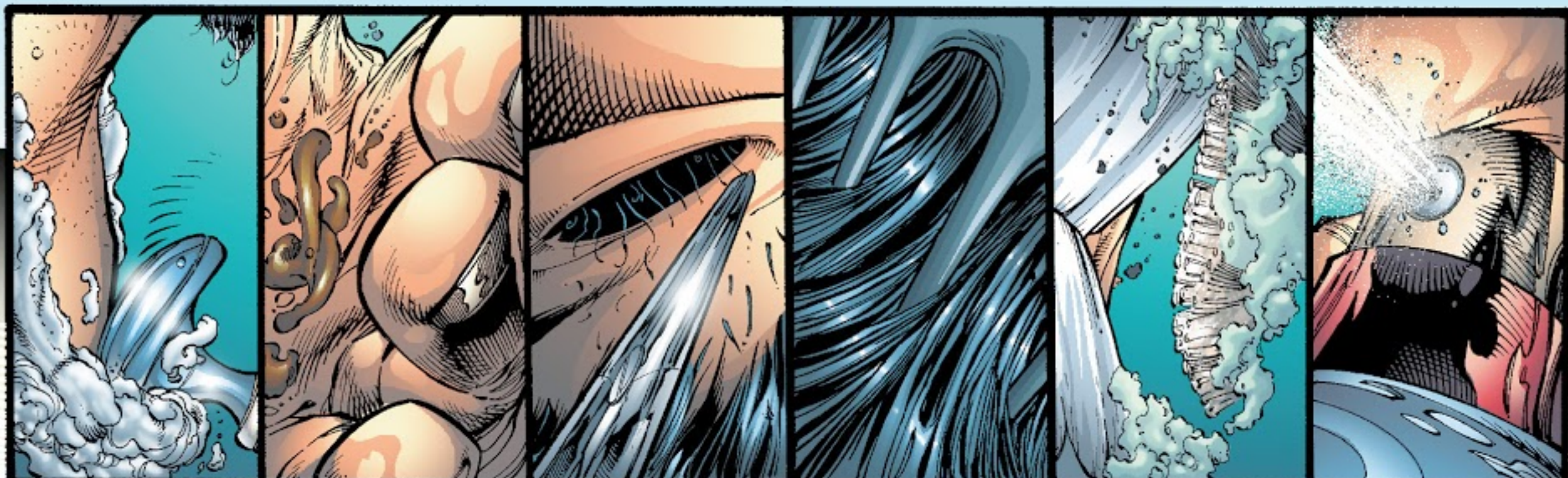
HELL, YOU
GOTTA BE
HORNIER THAN
A MORMON ON
PROM NIGHT.





YOU SHOW THAT PRETTY LITTLE THING A NIGHT SHE'LL NEVER FORGET. NOW, GET YOURSELF ALL SCRUBBED UP NICE AND PRETTY.


THAT'S HOW THE LADIES LIKE 'EM THESE DAYS. ALL PRIMPED AND WAXED AND "QUEER-EYED FOR THE WHIPPED GUY."




WELL?

NOT BAD, MONKEY. BUT GIRLS LIKE THIS, YOU KNOW, THEY SEE LOTS OF GUYS. COMES WITH THE GIG.


YOU WANT TO STICK OUT FROM THE PACK. LET HER TO KNOW YOU'RE **SPECIAL**. SO LET ME SUGGEST ONE LAST, **FINISHING TOUCH**.



"MAKE AMENDS.
UNDO THE HARM YOU
HAVE DONE." NYX
SAID THAT'S THE
SECRET OF GETTING
MY LIFE BACK.




COULD IT REALLY BE THAT
SIMPLE? EACH GOOD DEED
I PERFORM I WIN BACK A
LITTLE PIECE OF MY SOUL?
KARMA ON THE EASY-CREDIT
INSTALLMENT PLAN.

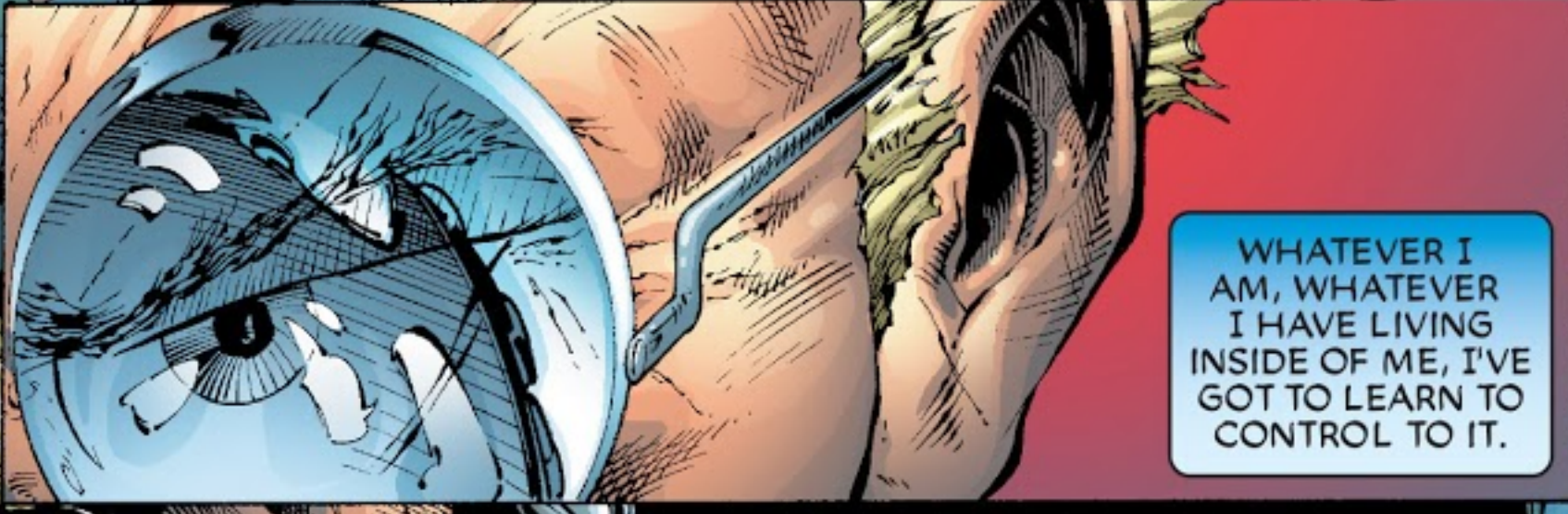


"GET THE FIRST
REDEMPTION FOR
ONE PENNY. AGREE
TO ONE THOUSAND
MORE ATONEMENTS AT
OUR REGULAR CLUB
PRICES OVER THE
NEXT FIVE YEARS."


BUT I TRIED TO HELP
MAJOR FORSBURG AND
LOOK HOW THAT
TURNED OUT. TRUTH
IS, WHENEVER I TRIED
TO HELP SOMEONE,
WHENEVER I TRIED
TO BE A HERO--



--AS SPAWN OR
AS AL SIMMONS--
SOMEONE ENDED
UP GETTING HURT.

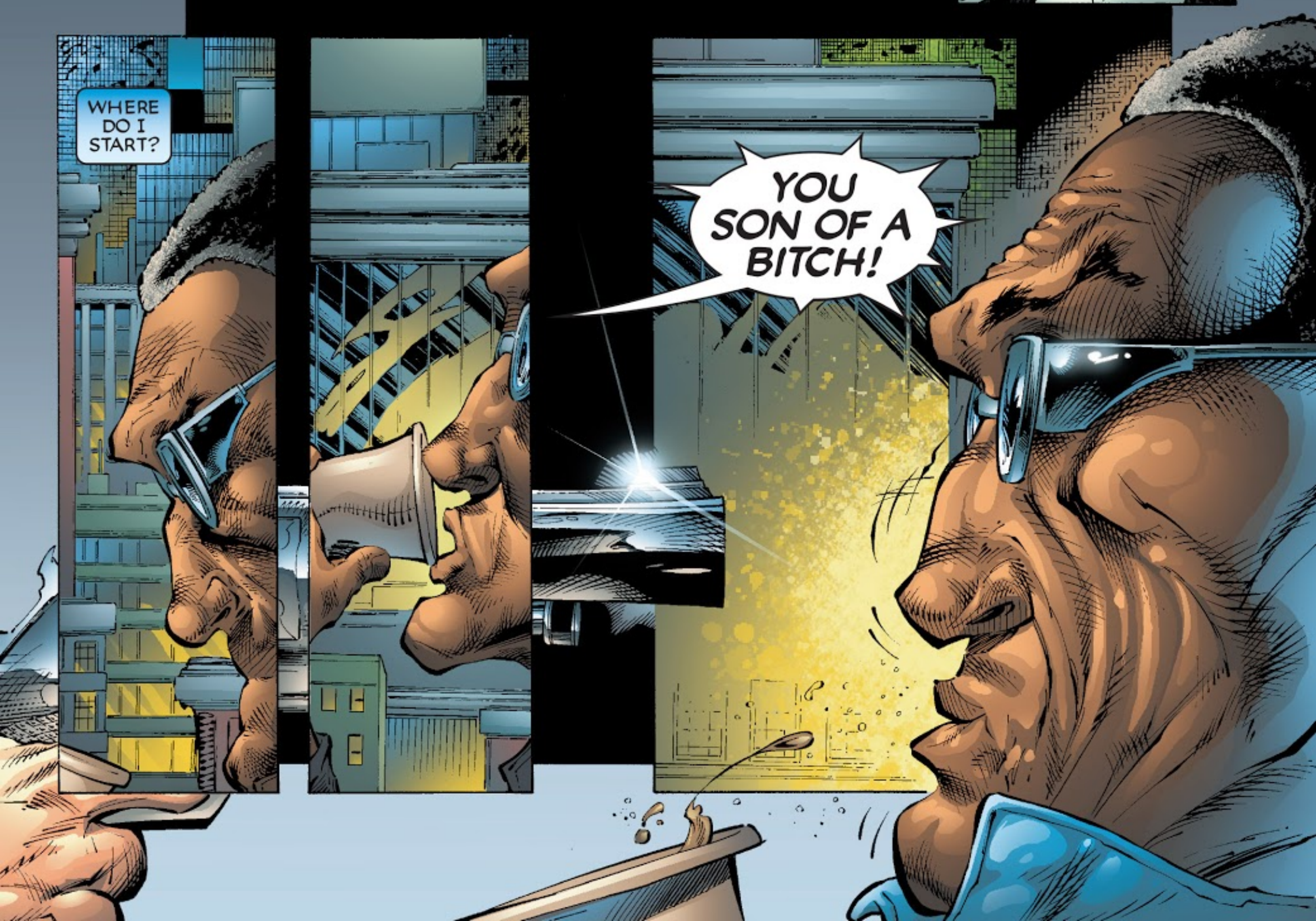
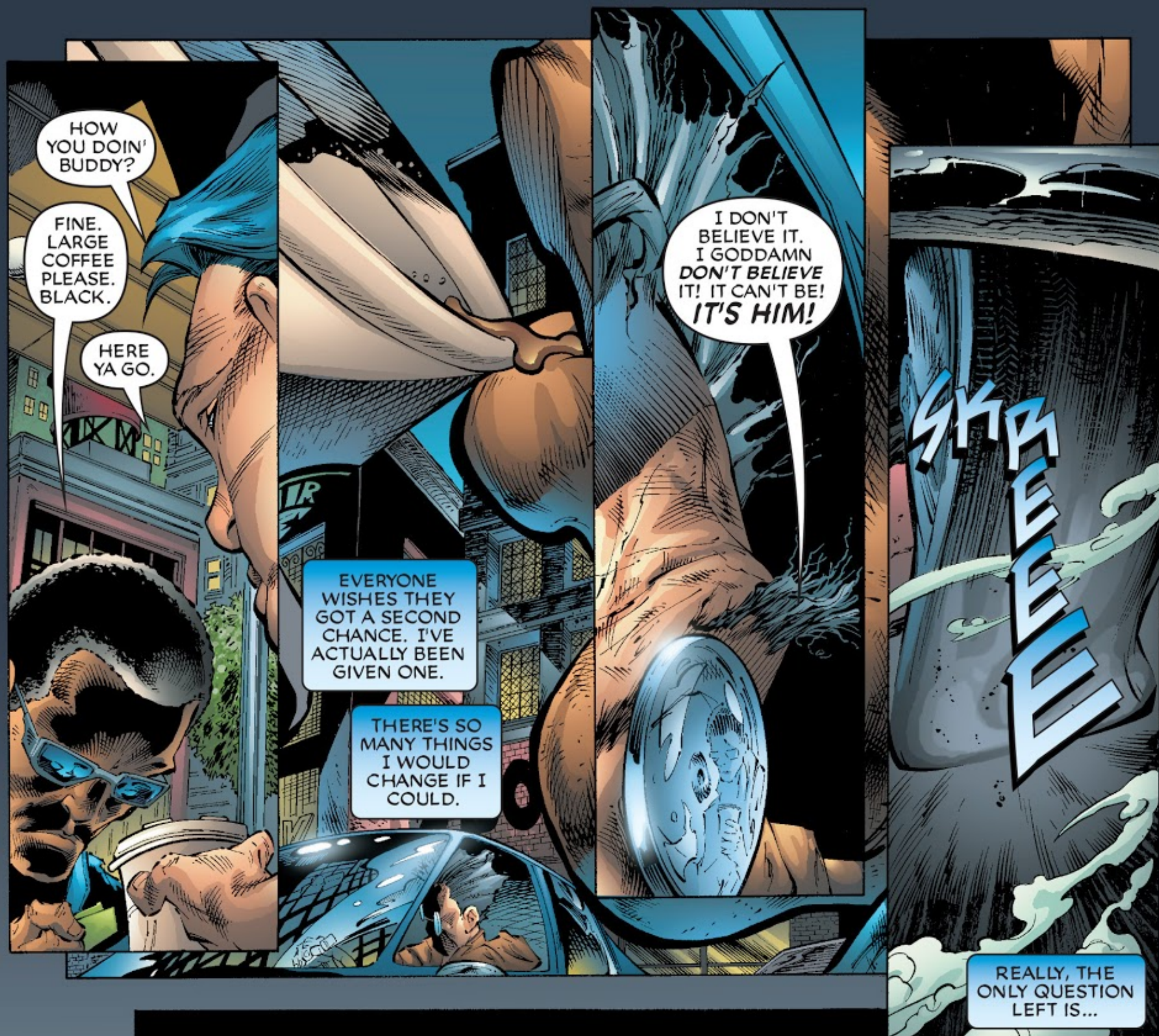


WHATEVER I
AM, WHATEVER
I HAVE LIVING
INSIDE OF ME, I'VE
GOT TO LEARN TO
CONTROL TO IT.



I'VE INFLECTED
TOO MUCH
DAMAGE ON
THOSE CLOSEST
TO ME.

THERE HAVE
BEEN TOO MANY
INNOCENT
BYSTANDERS.



DON'T
FLINCH! DON'T
EVEN MOVE A
MUSCLE!

TWITCH?
DETECTIVE WILLIAMS?
YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE
ME. I'M AL--

WHAM!

AH!

I KNOW
FULL WELL
WHO YOU ARE,
YOU MISERABLE
LITTLE
BASTARD!

TWITCH! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I UNDERSTAND PLENTY. I KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO THAT PRISONER. I KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO MY SON!

YO! WHAT'S GOING ON?

TAKE IT EASY, BRO!

POLICE BUSINESS! EVERYONE JUST BACK AWAY. THIS IS A VERY DANGEROUS MAN I HAVE IN CUSTODY.

LISTEN TO ME, SIMMONS. GIVE ME A REASON. COME ON, I DARE YOU!

JUST GIVE ME THE TINIEST EXCUSE TO BLOW YOUR FREAKIN' HEAD OFF!



HEY
THERE,
MISTER.

I'M
WANDA.
YOU
MUST BE
MY...

...DATE?



GOOD
EVENING
"WANDA."
PLEASE,
GET IN.



SPAWN



NO
PASSIN

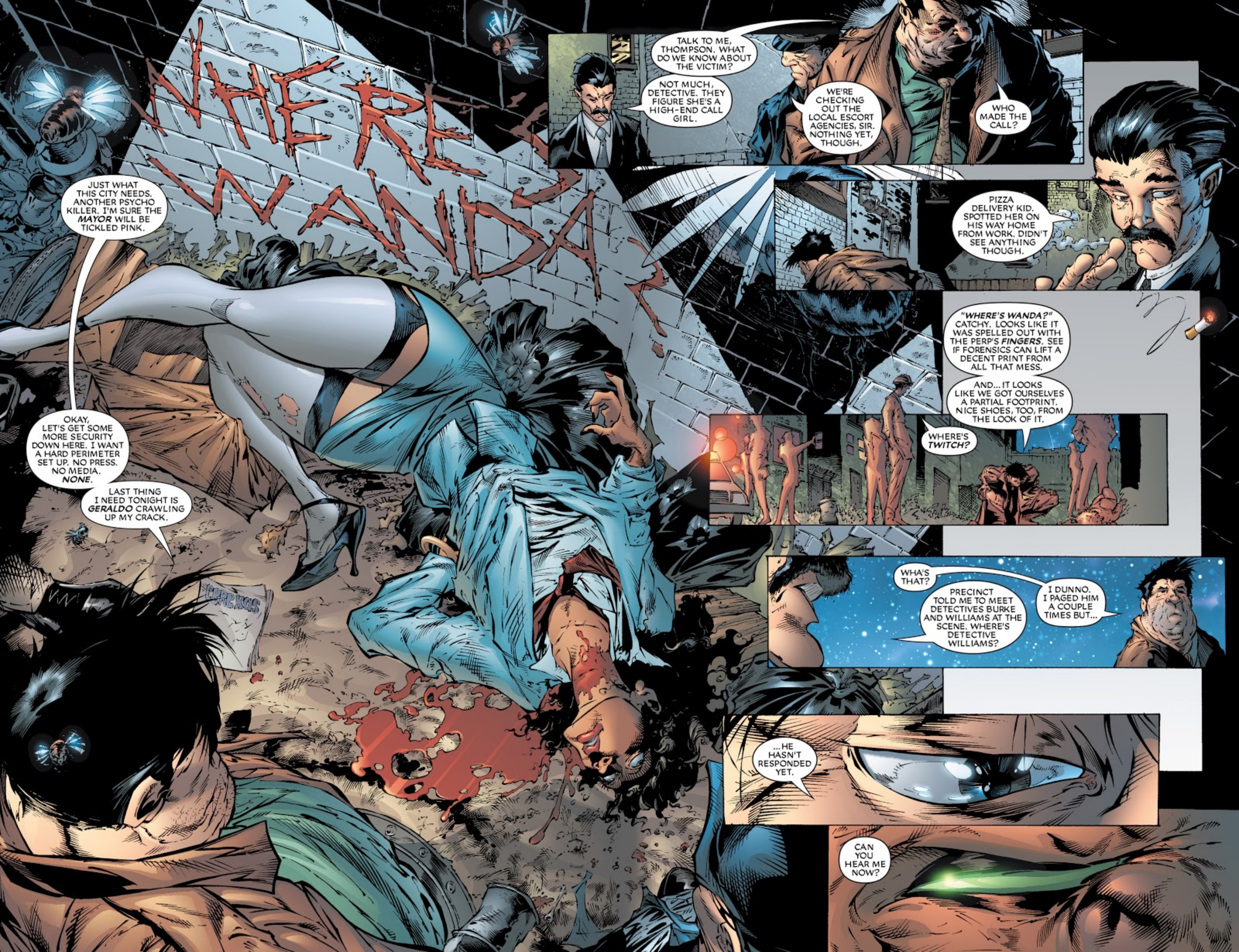
Capullo
Panny
Milo





JESUS CHRIST!
WHAT A MESS.

IF
THAT AIN'T
ENOUGH
TO PUT YOU
OFF YOUR
FOOD...



JUST WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS. ANOTHER PSYCHO KILLER. I'M SURE THE MAYOR WILL BE TICKLED PINK.

OKAY, LET'S GET SOME MORE SECURITY DOWN HERE. I WANT A HARD PERIMETER SET UP. NO PRESS. NO MEDIA. NONE.

LAST THING I NEED TONIGHT IS GERALDO CRAWLING UP MY CRACK.

TALK TO ME, THOMPSON. WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE VICTIM?

NOT MUCH, DETECTIVE. THEY FIGURE SHE'S A HIGH-END CALL GIRL.

WE'RE CHECKING OUT THE LOCAL ESCORT AGENCIES, SIR. NOTHING YET, THOUGH.

WHO MADE THE CALL?

PIZZA DELIVERY KID. SPOTTED HER ON HIS WAY HOME FROM WORK. DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING THOUGH.

"WHERE'S WANDA?" CATCHY. LOOKS LIKE IT WAS SPELLED OUT WITH THE PERP'S FINGERS. SEE IF FORENSICS CAN LIFT A DECENT PRINT FROM ALL THAT MESS.

AND... IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OURSELVES A PARTIAL FOOTPRINT. NICE SHOES, TOO, FROM THE LOOK OF IT.

WHERE'S TWITCH?

WHAT'S THAT?

PRECINCT TOLD ME TO MEET DETECTIVES BURKE AND WILLIAMS AT THE SCENE. WHERE'S DETECTIVE WILLIAMS?

I DUNNO. I PAGED HIM A COUPLE TIMES BUT...

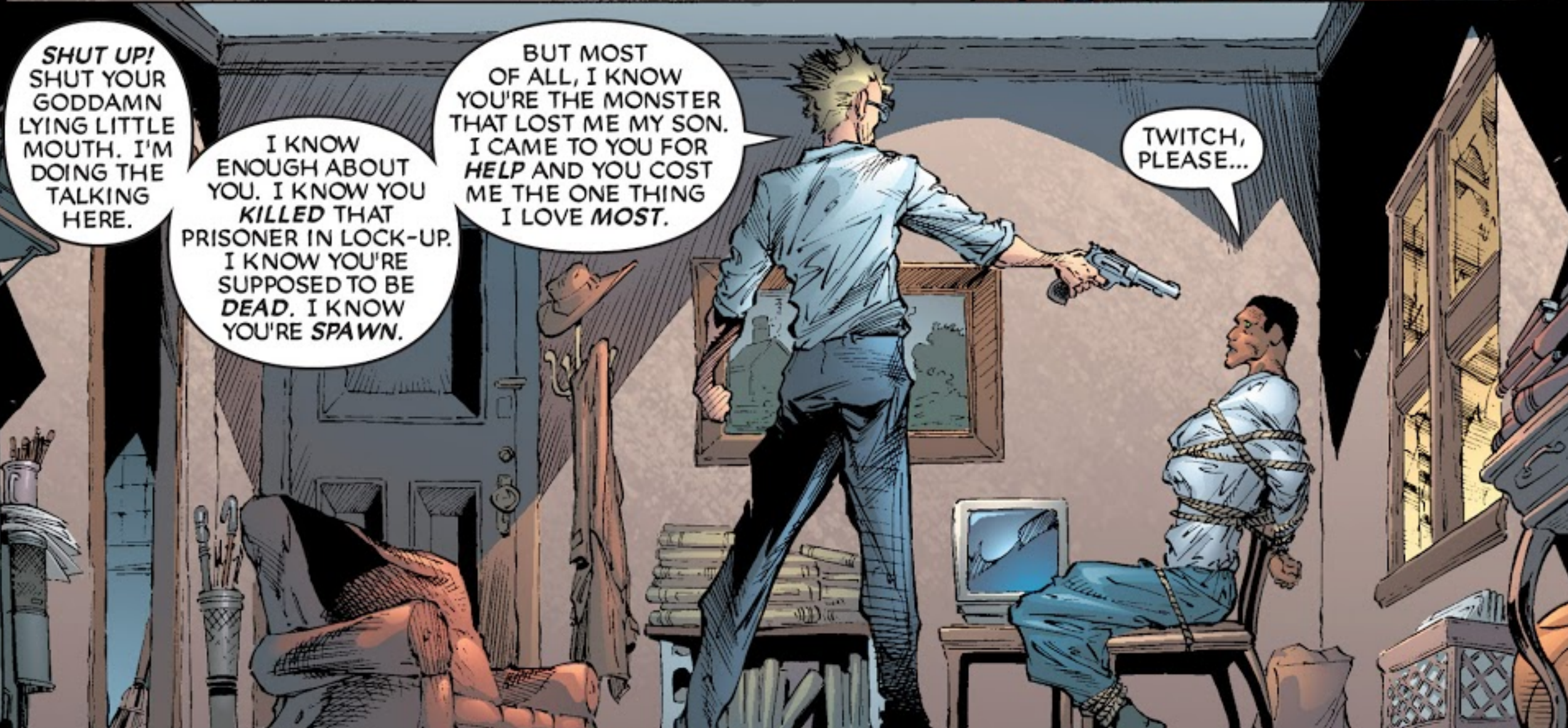
...HE HASN'T RESPONDED YET.

CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?



GOOD. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, OR WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT I JUST DARE YOU TO GIVE ME ANY EXCUSE TO SHOOT YOU.

TWITCH? DETECTIVE WILLIAMS? IS THAT YOU? IT'S ME. AL SIMMONS. I'M...

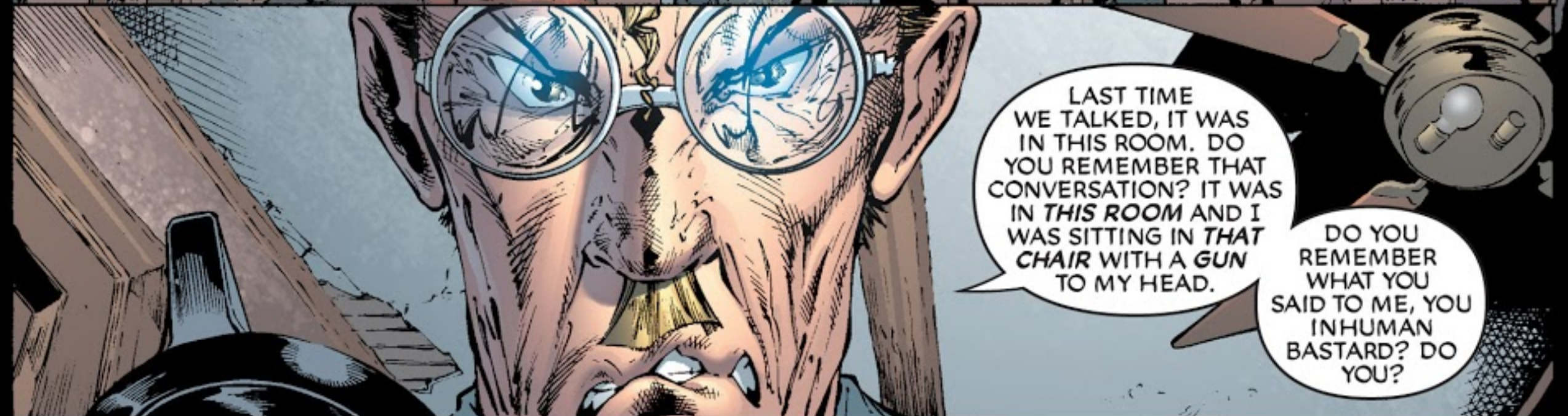


SHUT UP! SHUT YOUR GODDAMN LYING LITTLE MOUTH. I'M DOING THE TALKING HERE.

I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOU. I KNOW YOU KILLED THAT PRISONER IN LOCK-UP. I KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD. I KNOW YOU'RE SPAWN.

BUT MOST OF ALL, I KNOW YOU'RE THE MONSTER THAT LOST ME MY SON. I CAME TO YOU FOR HELP AND YOU COST ME THE ONE THING I LOVE MOST.

TWITCH, PLEASE...



LAST TIME WE TALKED, IT WAS IN THIS ROOM. DO YOU REMEMBER THAT CONVERSATION? IT WAS IN *THIS ROOM* AND I WAS SITTING IN *THAT CHAIR* WITH A GUN TO MY HEAD.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID TO ME, YOU INHUMAN BASTARD? DO YOU?



Snap!

WELL, TONIGHT WE GOT OURSELVES A WHOLE NEW BALLGAME.

AND WE'RE GOING TO PLAY BY MY RULES.



OH GOD.

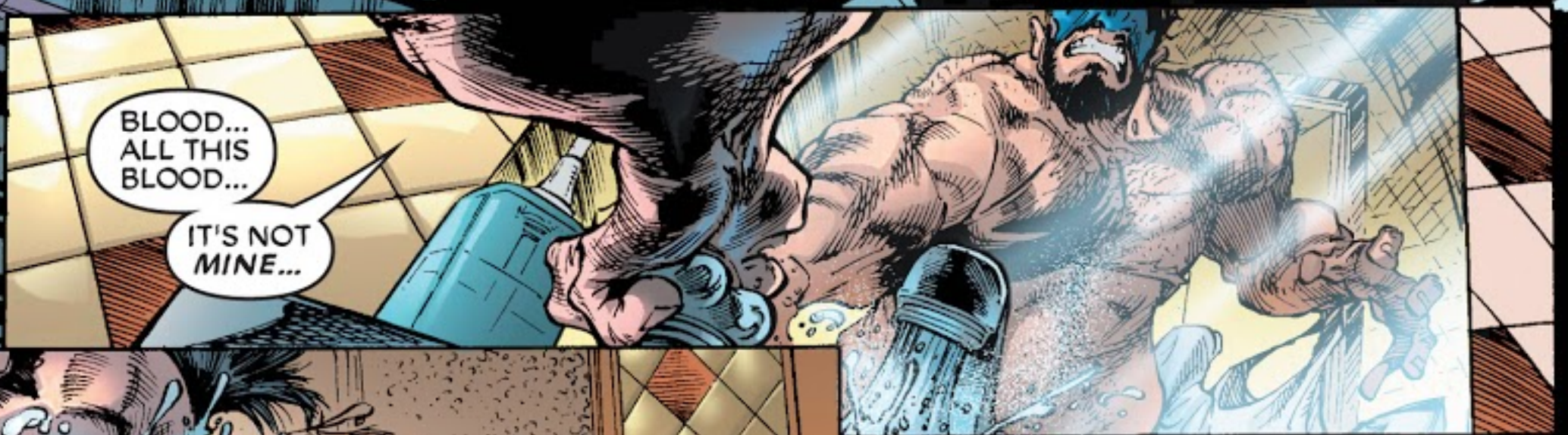
OH GOD.

OH GOD.

OH GOD.

I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK.

BLOOD...
WHERE DID...
WHERE THE HELL
WAS I? WHERE
DID...



BLOOD...
ALL THIS
BLOOD...


IT'S NOT
MINE...



SOMEONE
ELSE'S
BLOOD.



GET IT
TOGETHER. YOU
ARE IN CONTROL,
JASON. YOU CAN
HANDLE THIS.
THINK.



IMAGES. SUNKEN
MEMORIES EMERGING
FROM THE DARK.

A MUFFLED CRY.
EYES WIDE WITH SHOCK.
THE SMELL OF FEAR
MIXED WITH CHANEL.

HER FACE
WRIGGLES BENEATH
MY HAND, SALIVA
BUBBLING UP
AGAINST MY
PALM.

THE BLADE SHINES
LIKE A BEAM OF MOONLIGHT.
BLOOD. WARM AND THICK,
GATHERING IN POOLS LIKE
LIQUID RUBIES.

IT STEAMS IN THE
COLD NIGHT AIR I CAN
HEAR SOMEONE
LAUGHING.

WHO IS SHE?
WHY AM I DOING
THIS? THIS CAN'T
BE REAL.

HWAAUCH!



CONTROL,
JASON. YOU
ARE IN
CONTROL.





YOU KNOW, I HAD A WIFE. LOVED HER MORE THAN ANYTHING. I THOUGHT WE WERE HAPPY. BUT SHE LEFT ME. LEFT ME OVER MY JOB.

ALL I WANTED WAS TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFER, **BETTER**, FOR HER AND THE KIDS. BUT SHE LEAVES ME. TAKES THE KIDS AND GODDAMN LEAVES ME.

IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING TOOK THE BREATH OUT OF ME. I WANTED TO DIE. BUT SOMEHOW, I MANAGED TO CRAWL OUT OF THAT HOLE AND MEET SOME-ONE **NEW**.

SOMEONE WHO **GOT** ME. WHO **TRUSTED** ME. COULDN'T BELIEVE HOW LUCKY I WAS.

ALL IT TOOK WAS ONE STRAY ROUND COMING THROUGH THE WALL AND SHE'S **DEAD** IN MY ARMS.

ONE BULLET AND IT'S **ALL OVER**. BANG.



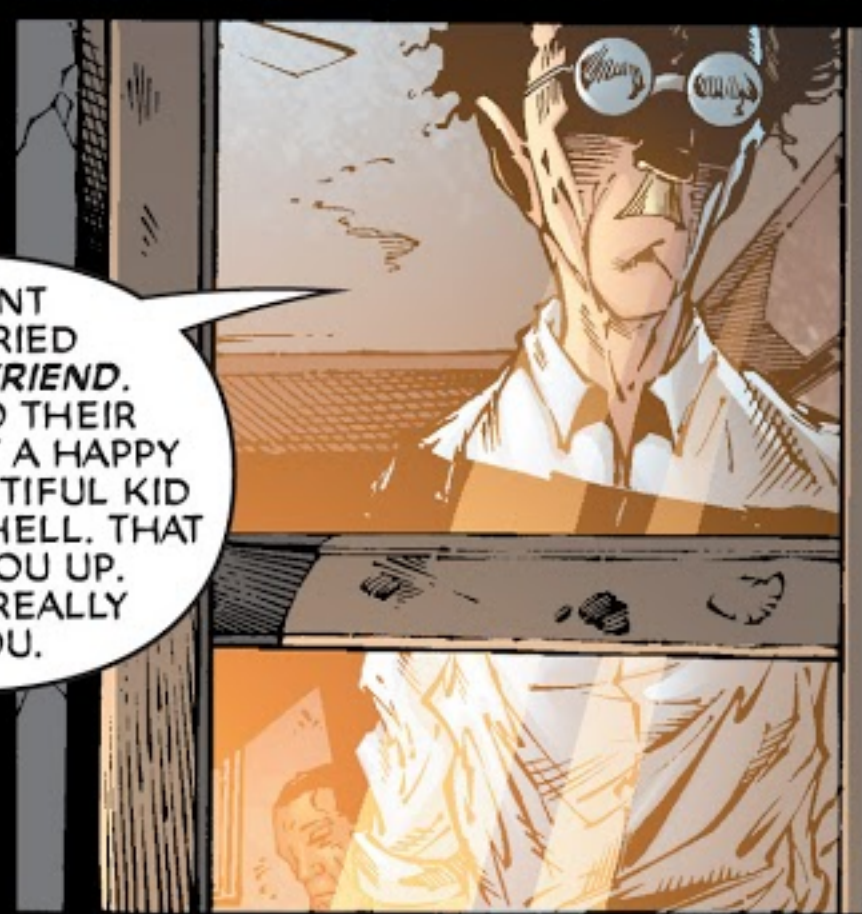
Klik



NOW... LET'S LOOK AT YOUR LOVE LIFE, SHALL WE?

YOU WERE WHAT? SOME KIND OF WAR HERO? A SPY? ASSASSIN'S MORE LIKE IT. RIGHT? MARRIED TO THAT BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE OF YOURS. **WANDA**. I MET HER, YOU KNOW.

SHE WENT AND MARRIED YOUR **BEST FRIEND**. I'VE BEEN TO THEIR HOUSE. WHAT A HAPPY COUPLE. BEAUTIFUL KID TOO. CUTE AS HELL. THAT MUST EAT YOU UP. THAT MUST REALLY **KILL** YOU.



DOES SHE EVEN KNOW YOU'RE **ALIVE**? WOULD SHE **CARE**? CHRIST, HOW DO YOU STAND IT? IT WOULD DRIVE ME CRAZY. SOMEONE ELSE, LIVING THE LIFE YOU ALWAYS WANTED.

IF I BLEW A HOLE THE SIZE OF **BUICK** IN YOUR FOREHEAD, I'D PROBABLY BE DOING YOU A **FAVOR**, DON'T YOU THINK?



Klik

OF COURSE, THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN WOMEN. A MAN HAS TO MAKE HIS MARK ON THE WORLD, STAND TALL, MAKE SOMETHING OF HIS LIFE.

BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH I TRY, IT'S STILL A *JUNGLE* OUT THERE. NO MATTER HOW I BUST MY ASS, NO MATTER HOW MANY *SCUMBAGS* I DRAG OFF THE STREETS, THE WORLD KEEPS GETTING WORSE.

I TELL MYSELF IT'S AN HONORABLE JOB, THAT I MAKE A DIFFERENCE. BUT IT'S A *LIE* AND I KNOW IT. WHY GO ON WITH THE CHARADE?

Klik

ON THE OTHER HAND, AT LEAST I DON'T *KILL PEOPLE* FOR A LIVING. I MEAN, I'VE GOT A CONSCIENCE, I PLAY BY THE RULES. BUT NOT YOU, RIGHT? HUH?

AND I'M CERTAINLY NOT AN INHUMAN *MONSTER* SPAT OUT OF *HELL* OR WHATEVER YOU CLAIMED TO BE.

Klik

I LOST MY SON. MAX. MY *FIRST BORN*.

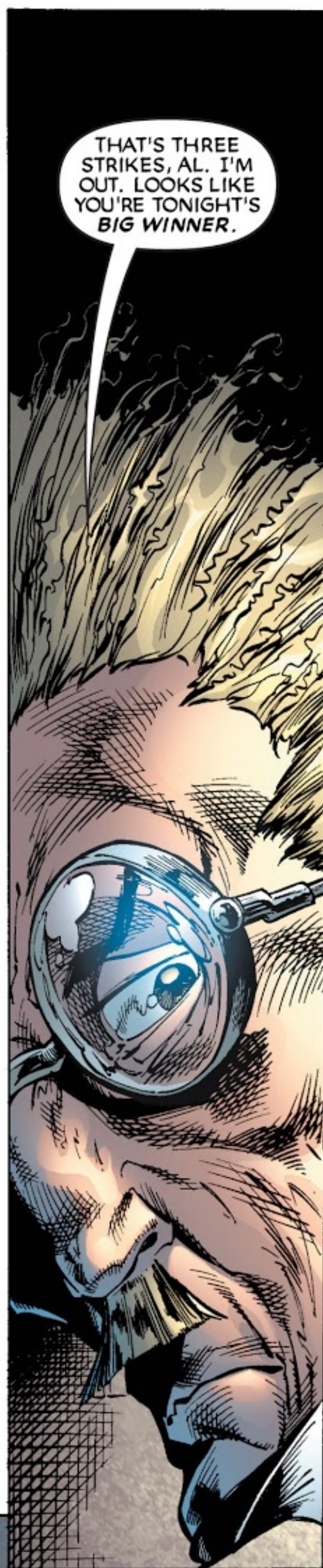
BUT LET'S GET DOWN TO THE REAL ISSUE. THE THING THAT EATS AT MY BELLY LIKE A *CANCER* EVERY SECOND OF THE DAY.

PRETTY MUCH EVERYONE KNOWS HEARTBREAK AND EVERYONE'S LIFE IS A DISAPPOINTMENT, BUT THIS... THIS *PAIN* IS BEYOND ALL THAT.

'CAUSE I DIDN'T JUST LOSE HIM. HE DIDN'T JUST *DIE*. I LOST HIM TO THE MOST FOUL AND UNNATURAL FORCES YOU CAN IMAGINE. I LOST HIM TO A DARKNESS AND DAMNATION I CAN'T EVEN COMPREHEND.

CAN YOU *IMAGINE* IT? I LAY AWAKE AT NIGHT, UNABLE TO FALL ASLEEP.

WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES ALL I CAN DO IS PICTURE HIM, FRAIL AND DEFEATED, SLIPPING AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS, NOT ABLE TO HELP HIM, NOT ABLE TO HOLD MY BOY AND SAY, "IT'S ALL RIGHT SON. DADDY'S HERE."



SHUT UP.



SHUT UP. I'M BARELY A MAN AT ALL.



THINK OF YOUR FAMILY.





THAT'S
ALL I THINK
ABOUT...



EVERY
MINUTE OF
EVERY
GODDAMN
DAY.

SWEET
DREAMS,
SIMMONS.
I ENVY
YOU.



DON'T
DO IT. PUT
THE GUN
DOWN.



CLK-CHK



ENOUGH!!

ENOUGH
OF YOU
AND YOUR
SICK LITTLE
GAMES.

WHAMP!

UFF!

YOU
THINK
DEATH IS A
GAME? DO
YOU?

I-I-I...



DO YOU
KNOW WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO DIE? TO
STOP BREATHING
AND GROW
COLD?

ARE YOU
REALLY THAT
EAGER TO
LEARN?

BLAM!

AH!

KERAACK!



TAKE
A LONG,
HARD LOOK
INTO THE ABYSS,
DETECTIVE. IS
THIS A GAME
TO YOU?

LET ME
TELL YOU
WHAT HAPPENS
TO YOU WHEN YOU
DIE. TO THOSE YOU
LOVED AND THOSE
WHO LOVED
YOU.

THEY CRY
AND WEEP AND
THEY LIE ABOUT WHAT
A HERO YOU WERE.
THEY TELL ALL THEIR BEST
STORIES AND EDIT OUT
ALL THE CRAP. ALL THE
COWARDICE AND
BETRAYAL.

THEY
SUFFER AND
CURSE GOD AND
SAY THEY WOULD
GIVE ANYTHING
TO HAVE YOU
BACK.

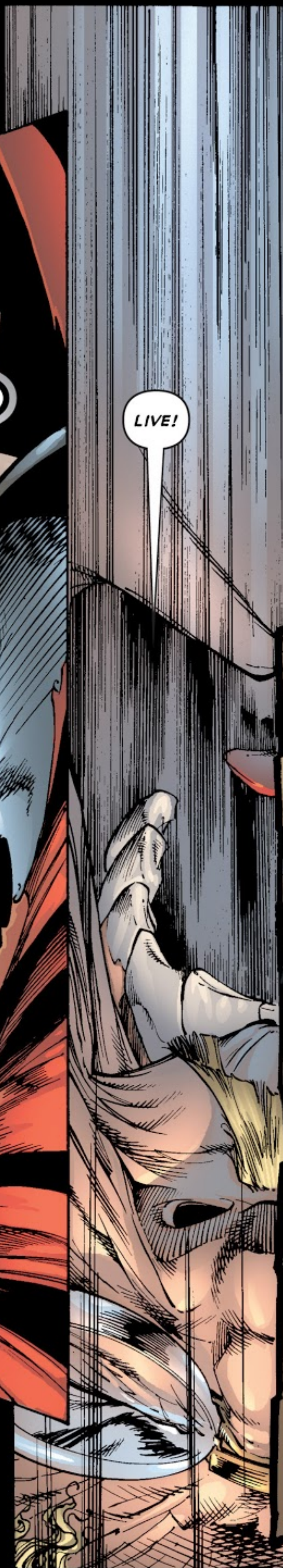
AND THEN... ONE
DAY... THEY MOVE ON. THEY
THINK OF YOU LESS AND LESS
UNTIL ONE DAY THEY DON'T
THINK OF YOU AT ALL.

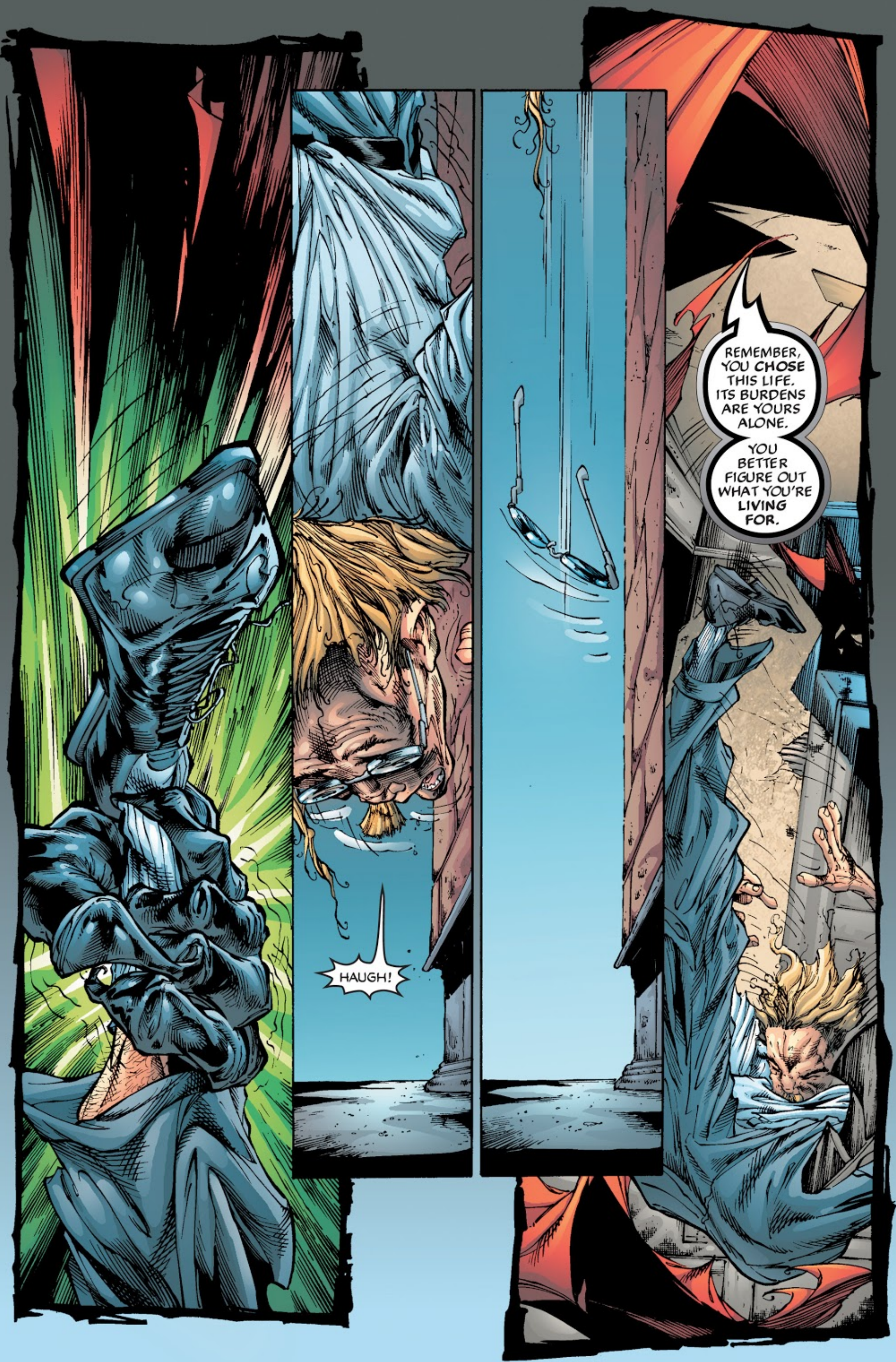
THEY TAKE
DOWN ALL THE
PHOTOS OF YOU
AND BANISH YOU
FROM THEIR MINDS.
YOU'RE NOT EVEN A
GHOST. NOT EVEN
A MEMORY. IT'S
LIKE YOU NEVER
EXISTED.

HAVE YOU
EVER HAD TO
MAKE THE MOST
IMPORTANT CHOICE
OF YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT EVEN A
SECOND THINK
ABOUT?

YOU'RE
ABOUT TO
FIND OUT,
FRIEND.





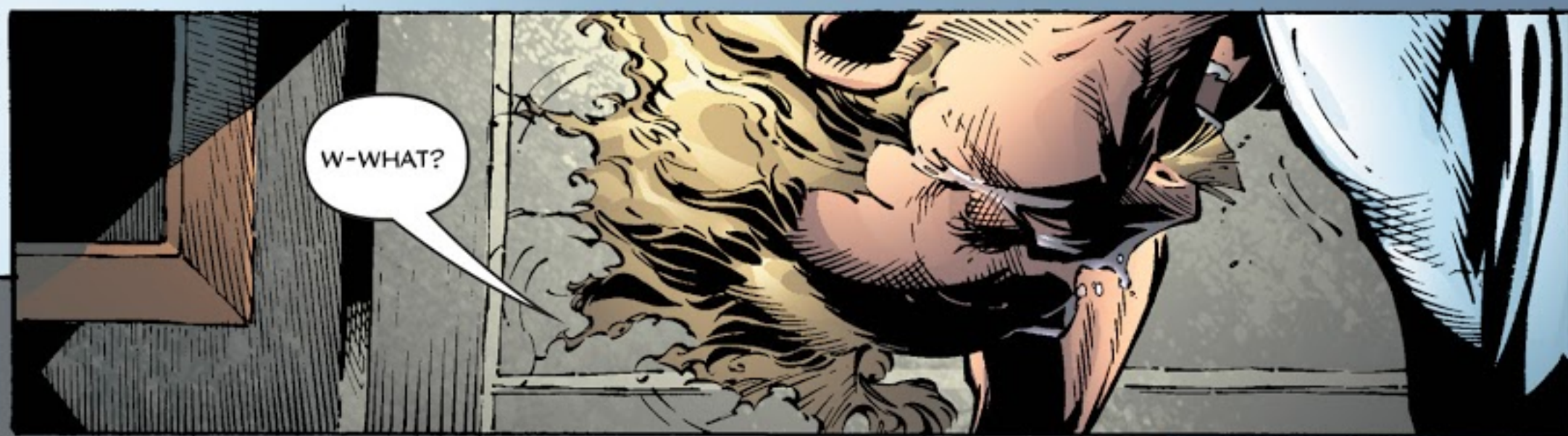


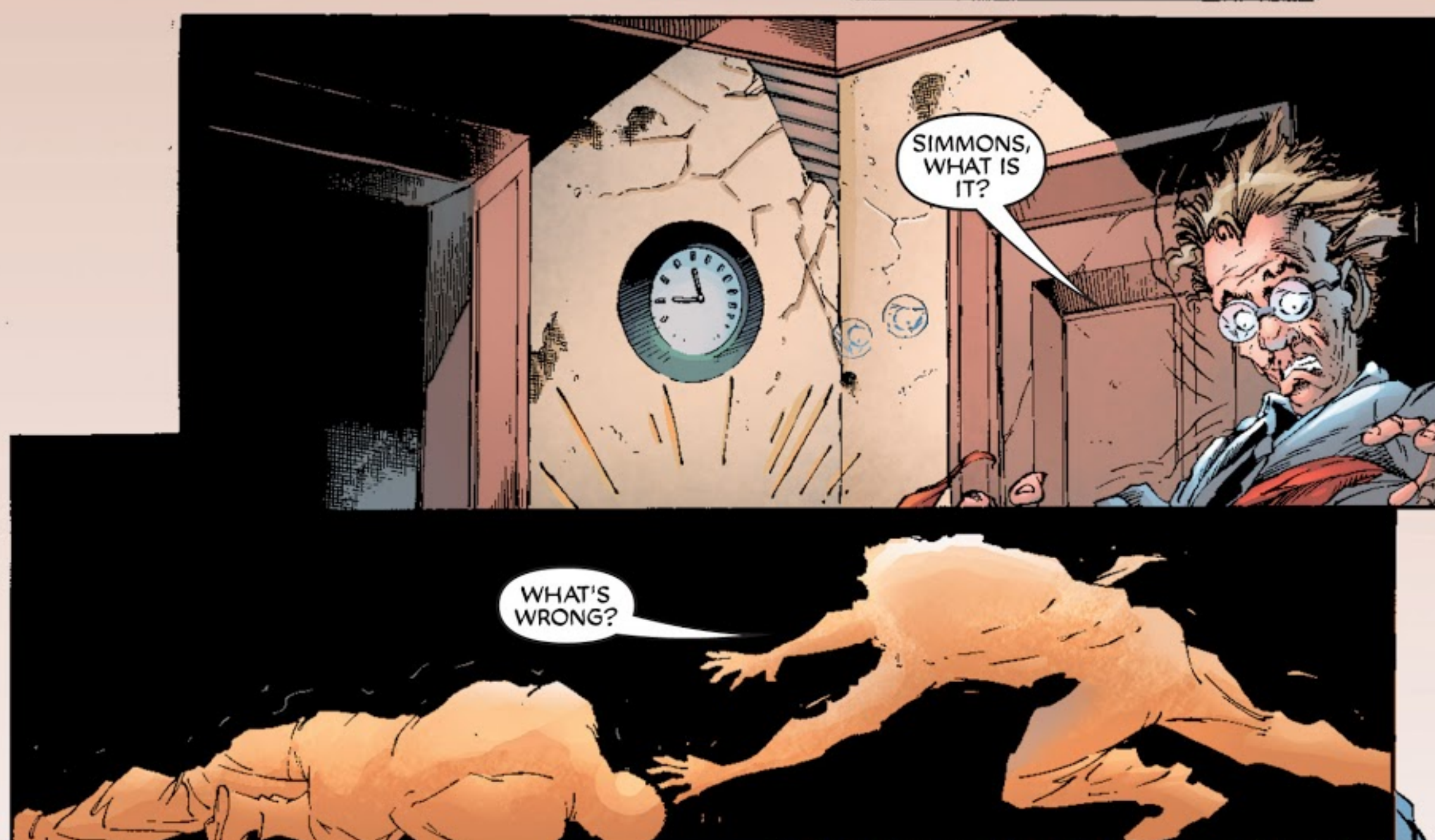
REMEMBER, YOU CHOSE THIS LIFE. ITS BURDENS ARE YOURS ALONE.

YOU BETTER FIGURE OUT WHAT YOU'RE LIVING FOR.

HAUGH!







I...
I THINK
I'VE BEEN
SHOT.

